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Selections.

DR. CHEEVER'S REVIEW OF SOUTH-SIDE ADAMS.

SPEECH BEFORE THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION,
In Boston, May 26th, 1859.

THE subject of my remarks on this occasion will be heard in a note which I shall read from a respected brother in the ministry, now occupying a position of importance in reference to the education of young men for the preaching of the Gospel. I present it without date, as the point of time is not necessary:

"DEAR BROTHER: Yesterday, in the Second Presbyterian Church of Orange, New Jersey, I witnessed the consecration in baptism of an unusually large number of children. After this, the pastor preached from Malachi 3. 8, and set forth the obligations of parents and the blessings promised in connection with the covenant; also, the duties of children, and so forth, and so forth.

"While listening to that discourse, the question arose in my mind, How would language like this sound if addressed to parents and children in bondage? And then the inquiry, as a matter of fact, are slave parents who have professed their faith in Christ allowed to dedicate their children in baptism? Do they consent to the mockery, if those children, the very next day are liable to be found upon the auction block? Perhaps you have somewhere discussed the bearings of the slave system upon the Abrahamic covenant. If not, allow me to suggest this as a topic. If not openly and positively, does it not virtually nullify that covenant?"

These questions, the answers to them, and the topics embraced in them, are eminently suited to the consideration of a free Christian and Missionary Association like the present; for it is an article of the missionary charter and commission that its law and gospel are for the salvation of the poor, the needy, the oppressed—to break in pieces the oppressor and to save the children of the needy. A father of the fatherless and a protector of the oppressed is God in his holy habitation, and a representative corporation of the Churches, or a single conservative saint, that can apologize for an iniquity, or seem to sanction it, that denies this attribute of the Almighty, and deliberately breaks the household compact of God with Abraham, through which all nations were to be blessed, is wholly unfitted to do God's missionary work; and in this article of apostacy from the benevolence of the gospel, while professing to proclaim it, is uttering a libel upon it. Can men apologize for an iniquity that destroys the marriage tie, the parental and filial relations, the ordinance of household baptism, and yet retain the respect of an orthodox community? Let the same corporations, ministers or saints apologize for the denial of the doctrine of the Atonement or the Trinity, and they would be excommunicated, if not from the communion of the Churches, at least from all share in the conduct of the missionary and benevolent enterprises of the Churches. But be that providedh not for his own, especially for those of his own house, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.

Apply this to the provision of the bread of life. If any man of missionary corporation on earth had asked the Lord Jesus, who *are* my own, and especially of mine own house? can any man doubt that he would have answered with a parable just as pointed as that by which he demonstrated who is my neighbor? He that, within reach of your benevolence with the gospel, has fallen among thieves, they who at your own doors are by millions kept down, by your own cruelty and wicked avarice and accursed laws, in the condition of enforced heathen as chattels, they are of your own house, and for you to pass them by, leaving them in bondage, and despising their distresses and wants, while you minister with popular and applauded piety to the heathen abroad, is to deny the faith and prove yourself worse than infidels (applause, and cries of "true"). That is God's logic, not mine: and the effect of such an example, and the sanction of such sin, is worse upon the world than that of the very heresies taught by those whom you excommunicate for infidelity. It turns the piety of the Church itself into selfishness, for the most precious gifts of Heaven's love are denied to others, for which we would fight to the death as our own.

Take the ordinances of the Gospel, so sacred, so universal, and the lines of argument and light streaming from them, and bathing with their divine glory the persons, families and domestic rights and duties of servants as well as masters, and it is perfectly wonderful to find the most orthodox and strenuous defenders of those ordinances utterly insensible as to the claim derived from them, the seal stamped by them, of dignity and freedom, upon the lowest subjects of such grace; utterly regardless of the title to those privileges as resting equally in the colored as in any other race, and of the shield and protection thrown by those privileges over personal liberty, and the impossibility of degrading to the horrible condition of slavery those on whom Christ has conferred the privileges of his freedom. Consider, for example, the ordinance of marriage, and take that wondrous passage in the fifth chapter of the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians, that passage of such profound and infinite meaning and glory, comparing the sanctity and blessed happiness and oneness of life and love in the relation of marriage with the union established between Christ himself and his Church, his people—commanding husbands to love their wives as Christ himself loved the Church, and gave himself for it, and recommending wives to be obedient to their husbands, in that sacred, holy and Heaven-inspired relation. How heavenly, how transcendent, how divine a gift of redeeming love, how separating and sanctifying in the glory of a celestial independence, with which no power on earth may interfere!

What an inviolable circle of love, freedom, purity and duty does that one ordinance, with that transfiguration of it in a Savior's love, draw round every household! every household save those designated by our national justice as beings that have no rights that "white men are bound to respect." The condition of slavery, and that sacred ordinance and gift of love and freedom coexisting, are impossible; that revelation imposing the one and professing to bestow the other, binds together elements as incongruous as heaven and hell. If slavery is sanctioned of God, marriage is not ("amen"). If marriage is sanctioned and commanded of God, slavery is forbidden (applause). Whoever imposes, defends, maintains the state of slavery, renders impossible the sacredness of marriage; and he that holds marriage to be a gift and ordinance of God for those only who are masters, and the family relation inviolable only for them, or for those only with white skins, while for beings with "skins not colored like their own" there can be nothing but a contubernium—so declared, distinctly, by our slave laws, so declared recently in Washington, in the eyes of the world, by a judge upon the bench—a contubernium, a breeding factory, for the wealth and at the pleasure of the master—he who maintains such a doctrine is guilty of a blasphemy against God, for the impiety of which there is no language.

Think, now, of that sacred ordinance, as described in Ephesians, for the slave! Think of its absolute impossibility! Think, every time you read that passage, and thank God for it, how the system of slavery, accepted and defended by your American divines, degrades, destroys it; takes all its loveliness, its sacredness, its purity away, and in its place enthrones an enforced licentiousness; in place of the altar and the Bible provides the auction-block, with the highest bidder, as the Alpha and Omega of the slave's marriage vow! Think, as you stand before the gates of this Paradise, and wonder at the condescending grace with which the Divine Redeemer has exalted it to the glory of his own nature, how to the millions of the enslaved it is an Eden from which your Christian laws have banished them forever; no Cherubim needed, with flaming swords set to guard it from their intrusion, but slave-drivers and traders, with the slave code in one hand and the slave shackles clanking in the other. It is to them a Paradise as impossible as that of the Peri, and divided as far away as the sphere and employments of the angels from the habitations of the spirits of woe. And now think of a minister of the Gospel ranging up and down the scene of such abominations, and with the devilish code in his hands which announces that every child born of the slave shall follow the condition of the womb that bore it—a chattel, a piece of merchandise—deliberately declaring that, under a Christian master, *no relation can be conceived on earth more favorable to salvation than that of slavery!* (Sensation.)

There is the same horrible and cruel destruction of all the privileges and blessings, the rights and enjoyments of the family circle, the family relation, and the existence of the slave. The chapters in God's Word addressed to all parents and children are as perfect a mockery in this system as those to husbands and wives, considered in reference to slaves. All the hallowed endearments of parental and filial love, all the sweetness of example and instruction, all the privileges of the education of their children, the caressing of their babes, the training of them in the love of God, in prayer, in hope, in happiness. The administration of the sacred ordinance of baptism becomes an absurd and inconsistent as that of the vow between the parents to remain with one another till death shall separate them. What slave mother ever thought of bringing her child to God's altar in this sacred consecration of her offspring to God, when, perhaps, the only answer she can make, surrounded by her children, to the question who was their father, has to be the answering question, "Who knows?" The Abrahamic covenant! Why, its divine seals are torn away, and its place is supplied, and its authority usurped, by "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," for the security of the owner's property in the bodies and souls of his slave children! (Loud applause.)

Now the answer to the question proposed by my brother in the ministry might have been given in a single paragraph from the pages of a book entitled "A South-side View of Slavery," containing the account, among other things, of a slave mother, said to be a resident in one of the very best Christian families, who deprecated the idea of ever having any more children, because, she said, "you feel, when they are born, that you can't have the bringing of them up." The law of God in the Gospel reads, "Parents, bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The law of slavery reads, "Parents, your children are not yours, but your master's; and even while you have them, you train them only for the auction-block. They are chattels, and you have no more responsibility or authority for their baptism, or their training, than for that of the colts in your master's stables. What have you to do, or they, with the Abrahamic covenant? You can make no covenant or contract, except at the will and for the profit of your owner."

Now what would be thought of our sanity if we should undertake, at one and the same time, in answer to this question about the Abrahamic covenant, to write a book on the sacredness of infant baptism, as the privilege and duty of all believing parents, and at the same time send forth a volume defending the system of American slavery as the great missionary gift of Divine Providence to the African race? presenting at once the sanctity and blessedness of the baptism of children, and also the sanctity and worth of that perpetuated chattelism, which excludes slave-parents from this Christian duty, and slave-children from this Christian rite; rendering it as incongruous, almost, as the baptism of calves and lambs, the stock property of the owners of human cattle! That a book entitled *The Baptized Child*, and an apology and defence of that system of slavery that makes the baptism of children a profane and blasphemous hypocrisy, could proceed from the same pen, and the writer all the while insensible to the shame and guilt of such inconsistency, is one of the most forcible illustrations in existence of the all-deceivableness of unrighteousness in this iniquity, and of the grasp in which it holds the heart and moral sense of those who defend it, to strong delusion to believe a lie.

What a development, when we find precisely the same intelligence and piety that could present the world with the "Key to Dead Agnes's Coffin," capable also of such a volume in defence of the system of human chattelism as turns the key of the Church's conscience on the coffin of the living slave! Yes! locks up the heart and conscience of the Church in insensibility to that atrocious cruelty, and makes the oppression of the slave race as remorseless and eternal as the grave! For as sure as God liveth, the people of a Christian land, whose Christian teachers and churches instruct them in God's name that the buying and selling of Africans as merchandise, the holding and rearing of the black race as property, is the highest exercise of Christian benevolence towards them, will never give up this oppression, will never relinquish this right and privilege of a selfish charity, will never let the prey of such sanctified avarice and cruelty go free. Such piety builds an eternal living sepulchre for the race of them that are in bonds. Such piety is a greater security for the continuance of this system of cruelty than the most diabolical cruelty itself, instead of that piety, could be. It can never be broken up, it can never cease, while its support is deemed not inconsistent with the most fervent sentiments of Christianity, not contrary to revivals of religion not incongruous with the most elevated Christian experience. If men are taught by their religion that they can serve both God and Mammon, they will do it. The piety that can hold slaves, and sing hosannas to the wonder-working providence of God, that has entrusted white saints with the privilege and responsibility of holding and breeding black ones, for his missionary purposes and kingdom, the piety that can make merchandise of men, and then call upon us to adore the mysterious ways of God in appointing such merchandise for the extension of the gospel, the conscience that can wash itself from such guilt with the lie that God has appointed and sanctioned it as the means of holiness and glory, will never renounce the privilege of such instrumentality. The official dignity of a Prudential Committeeship were a thing much to be desired, in so holy, profitable and popular a scheme of sanctioning and doing evil that good may come, and then adoring, and inviting the Churches to adore, the Divine Providence, for maintaining such an inexhaustible dunghill of depravity, such a continent of moral guano for forcing salvation as a growth of savage hearts; noting the signal mercy of having had managers appointed so sensible and conservative of its wealth, and prudential carts engaged, with experienced and godly diggers and drivers, to dump it for a missionary harvest, to work it up as moral muck, more fertilizing more prolific in its power of causing the wrath of man to praise God, than any preparation of the pure gospel, or the active charity of heaven, commanding them to "remember them that are in bonds as bound with them" (applause). The moral sewers of our worst social corruptions and most appalling sins are thus transfigured into sacred organic pipes of devout national melody, and at one and the same utterance spue out the compound feculence of the most infamous depravity and the inspirations of missionary hallelujahs. I say deliberately, my friends, and not without long and painful reflection upon this subject, with the facts of its adultery, its licentiousness, its cruelty and impiety before me, that a vaster, more subtle, more profound and blasting Antinomianism never issued from the pit of hell (loud applause). A universal debauchery of conscience proceeds from these fumes, steaming as a cloud of glory over the Churches; and ministers and laymen have been made drunk with the aerated wine of this intoxication, as a divine missionary of inspiration in ecstacy. I am not exaggerating—not in the least. I could bring declarations from their own lips more than justifying every word that has been said. The piety that can hold slaves for God's glory, and then praise God for such a providence, with such cupidity and sinfulness, for its instrumentality, is Satan's latest deliverance upon his travels to deceive the nations (laughter and applause).

It is one of the most extraordinary developments of the power of this sin to reverse the natural instincts of humanity, to make a gentle and sympathizing heart insensible to the tenderest appeals of piety, and even to hoodwink and blindfold a conscience enlightened by the word and spirit of the God of love and mercy. A Christian man, inspired, as you suppose, with Christian truth and grace, a man whose testimony in behalf of the dearest, most sacred, most precious gifts and ordinances bestowed upon our race by the gospel has been a proud element in the integrity and orthodoxy of his Christian character, goes into a country where he finds in full power a system of injustice and cruelty practised by one part of the community on the other, in the name of piety; the positive and undeniable effect of which he observes and notes, in a number of undeniable particulars, in which the cruelty and disastrous wickedness of the system are so glaring as to defy all attempts of charity to cover it up, all expedients of sophistry to deny it. It burns out in spite of every coating of paint, every seemly ministration of physical comfort; it intrudes itself as a visible leering domestic demon, in the centre of every theatrical perspective, every landscape, every circle of well-dressed black gentlemen, with gold-headed canes, and watch-seals dangling at their trowsers pockets, made to figure in the pages of a well-drawn play. It breaks through every thickness of untempered mortar, though laid upon the walls with a breadth and power of orthodox trowel, and an adhesiveness of apparent sanctity, such as would have made Ezekiel's own workmen stare, and a strength of brazen impudence such as would have put to the blush for their own modesty the lying prophets that seduced and daubed the Jewish people with their vanity and lies. They were green horns in their daubing, they were inexperienced artists in the comparison, having never gone down into such depths and mysteries of Satan under the land as we can work into under the gospel. And yet the fretting leprosy breaks out, the abomination oozes out, the walls sweat with it, under all this stuccoing and whitewashing and fresco painting, and spiritual unction; and the picture, even South Side, looks like a green and mouldy sepulchral tablet, in which angels and devils were by some grotesque genius painted in embrace, as the fit epitaph of a bruised and festering Christianity, and through the glittering slime of which you could draw with your finger the one word—sin (prolonged applause).

The leprosy, admitted, confessed, as under torture of conscience, by that witness, is this: that the family constitution, with its sweetness, its endearments, its purity, its sacredness, its representation of heaven, its power of motive and of preparation heavenward, and of salutary discipline of the mind and the affections; the family constitution, as God, who setteth the solitary in families, and calls himself our Father, Brother, Sister, Mother, that we may know him daily even by the natural instincts of our hearts through human love; the family constitution, as God has appointed it in mercy for all mankind, for every race, of every blood, in all the bounds of their habitation, that even through that institution, by the live and teachings of that "plank from the wreck of Paradise," they might seek the Lord, might be drawn to him; the family constitution, with all its blessedness, all that makes life worth possessing, *is destroyed for millions with their offspring*; is scorched, burnt, desolated, by and for the maintenance of slavery, as when a ploughshare of solid fire is driven through a bed of daisy buds or violets, as when a stream of burning lava is turned through a garden such as Eve might have tended, in place of the fresh streams of cool crystal water visiting every foot.

The leprosy is this, that the family constitution is not only thus broken up and desolated, but the very conception of it, in its beginning, in its head, in its possibility, so wiped out, so obliterated from the mind, and from that imaginative world of childhood's instincts even, in which, as the poet Wordworth says, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," that the very nature of the parental relation is unknown; so that the witness, whose conscience recorded this testimony, states that, going into a Sabbath school to address a class of black children on the meaning of the words, "Our Father who art in heaven," he was suddenly stopped by the impossibility flashing upon him of conveying any illustration to their minds, by any appeal to anything within *their* knowledge, of the significance of the filial and paternal relationship, the endearment, the sacredness, the blessedness, the authority and love in those words, OUR FATHER. The children of slave-mothers know no father; they cannot form the idea of such a relationship as God has appointed it, and, to draw us to himself by it as his children, has transferred it to his own hallowed name, for our love, our praises, and our prayers. And yet, the testimony in this book, in this respect, is but as a ray of light cautiously admitted through a loophole in comparison with the reality, could it be unveiled before us. It is like that door in the side of the hill to which "Christian" was carried, and bid put his eye there and look in; a distant door connecting with one of the gates of hell; and the smoke and the fire that poured out were stifling, and the noises of wailings and the rushing of wings, and the horror of great darkness, and the unmeasurable depths, were a revelation of that which is unseen and indescribable, such as that which opened into the horrors of slavery by this window, of the impossibility of embracing the intelligent affection of a slave-child in our Lord's prayer, the impossibility of affixing to the understanding of the slave-child that divine seal, Our Father!

Now I ask, is it possible to present, to a Christian heart, to a parent's heart, more damning evidence of the cruelty and iniquity of slavery than this? It is evidence corroborated in a thousand ways. One of the members of my own church, in a visit South-side this very year, went, in company with his wife, from motives of most painful interest, to a slave auction. They beheld among other scenes that of the exhibition for sale of a young slave-mother, with several children. The poor young thing might not be more than twenty years of age, but they inquired as to the number of her children, and then, in all seriousness, put to her the question, who was their father; never dreaming of the possibility of such an answer as they received. With a look, and gesture, and words indicative, perhaps, of astonishment at the simplicity, the verdancy of such a question in a Southern slave market, the poor slave-mother exclaimed, "Who knows?" And this answer was to the mind of the questioner like one of those windows, one of those doors, through which you may look down into the profound abysses of a hell on earth.

In this same book we have the testimony that on the mother's part this system of slavery so dehumanizes our image and nature, as God made it, that it destroys the last of all things to be destroyed, the maternal instincts, the instincts of a mother's heart toward her offspring, leaving them no more tenacity or sacredness than those of a hen or partridge. You will now say I am outraging the moral sense and feelings of a respectable Christian congregation. My friends, this is the very language of the book, "A South-side View of Slavery." One of the most affecting and powerful of all the appeals of God to our tender and grateful sensibilities, acknowledging the indestructibleness and endurance of his love to us sinners, is in that sacred question, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?" This system of slavery can produce that moral enormity, and make it a fixture of society, a trait of human nature; yet no, no, not of human nature, except as passed through the fire of this Moloch; no more of human nature than a violet shrivelled in the fire could still be a fair sample of the fragrant nature of the violet, or a rose steeped in sulphuric acid of the freshness and beauty of the rose. The writer of this book testifies the reason why a mother's heart drenched in the cruelty of slavery comes out of that living alembic of hell so scarred and altered. "From the first moment of maternal solicitude," says he, "the idea of property on the part of the owner in the offspring is connected with the maternal instinct. It grows side by side with it, becomes a neutralizing element, prevents the inviolable links of natural affection from reaching deep into the heart. We need no slave auctions, or separations of families, to make us feel the inherent awful nature of the present system of slavery in view of this illustration." He mildly adds, with wonderful acuteness, "there must be something essentialy wrong in a system which thus interferes with the nature which God has made."

The sharpest testimony of this book in regard to the great point now under considerations as follows. I have already referred to it, but now quote the writer's language:

"The drapery of words is hardly sufficient to clothe an idea which a slave mother in one of the best of Christian families expressed, when she was deprecating the possibility of being a mother again. She said, 'You feel when your child is born, that you can't have the bringing of it up.'"

Now, what should you suppose would be the testimony that such a man, coming from such scenes, would wish to utter in reference to this system? I confess that when I meet such presentations of moral monstrosities under the guise of the sweetest form of Christian charity, the most pious and Christ-like inculcation of the gospel, and then think of the possibility of an inquirer after the gospel stumbling upon it, or having it offered as the fruit of gospel grace, I do not wonder at the plunge of such an inquirer into the gulf of infidelity. If I should stumble anywhere upon the strange unknown writer of such a book, I should feel like walking around him, as I should around some monstrous specimen of the creation, wondering where to class him. I might beassured that these sentiments are not at all inconsistent with the most seraphic piety, the most celestial and consummate Christian unction and wisdom, the most ardent orthodoxy, and the most fervent and trusted missionary zeal! Nay, I might possibly be carried, for an introduction to such a person, into the midst of an assembly of divine and pious laymen, gathered in the missionary rooms to consult for the redemption of enslaved Africa, and to take into consideration at the very same moment the propriety of receiving into Christian communion a new batch of converted and Christian slaveholders in our Indian Territories.

Nothing of this nature could surprise any man familiar with the facts, in respect to the position of the Churches and ministers of this nation in regard to this sin. This very writer declares that the South are lifted, by the long practise of this enormity, to be the protector and friend of the African race! And he deliberately affirms that "of all the situations in which human beings can be placed favorable to the salvation of the soul, under faithful efforts on the part of teachers, it is difficult to conceive of one better suited to this end, and in fact most successful, than the relations of these slaves to their Christian masters." If it be modestly suggested that these slaves are not permitted to possess the Bible, and are forbidden by law from being taught to read it, and that, not knowing the parental or filial relation as appointed of God, they cannot understand the meaning of Our Father who art in heaven, and if it be modestly inquired whether the way of salvation is so favorable as that taught in the Christian Scriptures, it is answered that there was a time when there were very few copies of the Bible in existence, and no printed copies at all, and that, for a long time even after printing, the Bible could only be heard read by many; so that the slave families and slave children in our country, under the slave laws and the Bible Society, though debarred from the privilege of reading the Bible, are no worse off than the children of our half-pagan ancestors, who, nevertheless, we hope, many of them found the way to heaven. The apology, from a Christian divine, for the maintenance of such a system, together with the assertion that of all the other relations under heaven its Christian stations are the most favorable to salvation, is almost too monstrous to be seriously pursued.

It is, by this writer, not only asserted, in direct contradiction to the testimony of divine inspiration, that the relation of slavery is favorable to the salvation of the soul, but it is intimated even that a renewal of the slave trade itself, or way of an exchange between the Africa already here and slaves to be newly imported from Africa, would be a great enlargement of this work of Divine Providence through the cupidity and sinfulness of men, the South having learned the way of this instrumentality more perfectly. The South not only take slaves from Africa, but redeem the children of those slaves to perpetual slavery, thus elevating a transitory crime into the dignity and sweetness of a permanent missionary institution; thus including not the parents merely in this salvation, but shutting up their offspring to it so securely that none can escape the benefit. In Africa, the children of slaves are not necessarily slaves themselves, so that this relation, so favorable for the salvation of the soul under Christian teachers, cannot be secured, with any certainty, except in America; but here, the promise is to themselves and to their offspring; and the parents, for whom slavery has stood godfather, to bring them into the Christian Church, enjoy the ineffable happiness of knowing that their children cannot escape the same celestial nurture and admonition. This position, so favorable to salvation, assumes them as its heirs from the birth; nay, they are predestinated to this inheritance by the faith of the slaveholding missionaries and leaders, griping and screwing them in the vice of this providence, to hold them for the steady operation of influences so beneficial to their spiritual natures. A Christian missionary in Western Africa informs us that among the Mandi people, so far as he can learn, no child can be born a slave. Though both father and mother may have been slaves, their children are free, and they are never sold by the master of the parents. But in America they are nothing *but* slaves, and never can be anything else, never can be snatched away by Satan from that providential relation, brought about through the impurity and sinfulness of men, which a Christian Divine has pronounced to be, of all others, most favorable to the salvation of the soul!

Now, I say, it is for the Church to take in hand the rescue of the Word of God and the Christianity of the Cross from the infinite reproach of sanctioning such wickedness. We may perhaps hope that we have gone to the bottom of such debauchery and hypocrisy, and may now begin to build up. It took time, of course, and a successive trial applied in turn to every Church, and every form of professed corporate Church benevolence, to prove that no enshrinement of modern professed piety was secure or sacred against the corruption and defilement of this all-prevailing sin. Churches of every denomination, Tract Societies of every name, Missionary Societies, have fallen down and worshipped this Dagon, and, in so doing, have lent to the Enemy of the Redeemer the power borrowed from a supposed monopoly of piety, to betray and dishonor his name and cross before a railing and blaspheming community. The venerated American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, by the elevation of the position to which the divine blessing has lifted that Association, strikes so much the deadlier a blow at the interests of Christianity, is guilty of so much more glaring a betrayal of the cause of Christ when it endures for one moment an iniquity so palpable within any of the Churches under its authority and care, and much more when it receives the iniquity into the bosom of half taught and developing Churches, and defends it there. Instead of hearing the divine voice, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee; so put on thy beautiful garments, for there shall no more intrude upon thee the unclean"; instead of listening to that voice and obeying it, such an associated representation of American Christianity would seem to have heard and obeyed a mandate from the Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth—"Go down from thy throne of light, and put aside thy beautiful garments, and in the name of a holy God admit the unclean to thy communion, and the heathen will admire thy darkness, and despots will come to the gloom and horror of thy setting sun."

Now, then, at the bottom of all these treacheries and failures, we may lay our foundations and begin to build up. I say, it is impossible to go down any deeper than when slaveholding is admitted into the bosom of Christian and Missionary Churches, as not inconsistent with the religion of the Cross. And now the Church itself, by a mighty reaction and resurrection within itself, must repel from the gospel and from the profession of Christianity, this most injurious reproach and scandal.

AMERICAN PRO-SLAVERY MINISTERS IN ENGLAND.

To the Editor of The Nonconformist.

SIR: I perceive by your impression of Wednesday last that at the late meeting of the Congregational Union, the President held out "the right hand of fellowship" to the Rev. Dr. S. L. Pomroy, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, accompanying it with a "cordial welcome" in the name of the delegates. I cannot say that I was surprised at reading this, for this is not the first time that English Christians have been entrapped into giving a "cordial welcome" to pro-slavery ministers of religion; but I must say that, as a Dissenter, I felt extremely grieved to see the Congregational Union "welcoming" a man who is utterly unworthy of their confidence. Let those who joined in this "welcome" read the following, which appeared in the Boston (U.S.) *Liberator* for March 14, 1859, in answer to some questions which had been asked concerning this Dr. Pomroy and the Board of which he is secretary:

"The second inquiry as to whether Dr. Pomroy—now stealthily in England deceiving the people as secretary of the board—was ever identified with the anti-slavery movement, we answer in the affirmative. He early espoused it, and was for several years an officer in the American Anti-Slavery Society, and also in the New England Anti-Slavery Society; but he at last shamefully apostatized, and was bribed to silence by the proffer of the office he now fills, and has utterly repudiated that movement which he once so warmly advocated. His attempt to make capital for himself, and obtain favor for the American Board, on the strength of his old connection with our cause, is equally dishonest and jesuitical."

From this it will be seen that Dr. Ponroy is thoroughly pro-slavery, and has been bought over by the pro-slavery party. If anything were needed to prove what is stated in the *Liberator*, his conduct during his visit to Leeds, a few months ago, supplies it. At that time he was reminded by Wilson Armistead, Esq., President of the Leeds Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society, and others, of Mrs. Stowe's and Dr. Cheever's denunciations of the pro-slavery character of the Board he represents. As he continued to make no reference to slavery in public, Mr. W. H. Pullen, hon. sec. of the Anti-Slavery Society, addressed a calm and dispassionate letter to him, requesting him to reply to the charges which had been made, and stating that, unless he did so, it would of course be assumed that he had *nothing to say in defence*. To this letter he vouchsafed no answer, and therefore we are compelled to believe him "verily guilty" on his own silent testimony.

The American Abolitionists have long complained of the conduct of Englishmen on the slavery question. We can hold public meetings, and pass anti-slavery resolutions; but when the time comes for *action*, we disgrace ourselves by giving "the right hand of fellowship" to the pro-slavery party—thus more than undoing the good we may have previously done. Such shameful inconsistency is deeply to be regretted, as it not only strengthens the fetters of the slave, but also injures the cause of freedom. I need not enlarge upon the subject, but it is painfully suggestive, and at the present time, when the slaveocracy are making systematic attempts to corrupt the moral sentiments of Englishmen, and when the honored name of Joseph Sturge will be no longer known in connection with the anti-slavery movement, I would that every man who loves liberty and hates despotism should lay it to heart, and determine to be neither directly nor indirectly implicated in the support of slavery. We have a right to demand proof of anti-slavery antecedents before we give a "cordial welcome" to any American; and until we do this, we shall have a repetition of such scenes as the late meeting of the Congregational Union has witnessed.

With sincere respect, I am, sir,
Your obedient servant, JOSEPH A. HONNER.
Wakefield, May 20, 1859.

To the Editor of The Nonconformist.

SIR: The London newspapers—reporting the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society—state that the Rev. Dr. Pomroy, of the American Mission, was one of the speakers on the occasion. Slavery in America is sustained by the religious bodies, and their members visiting England take part in religious movements. While this is the case, it is only fair to all parties to inform the public of the relations which such visitors sustain to slavery. Permit me, therefore, to refer to the position which Dr. Pomroy occupies on this important subject. He is one of the Secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Now, against that Board I bring three charges—First, that one of its slaveholding members murderously proposed, in Virginia, to burn the Abolitionists; secondly, that its missionaries baptise slaveholders without requiring them to repent of their slaveholding sins; and, thirdly, that they have declared that the Bible does not prohibit the sale of human beings. These are but a specimen of the numerous charges which the friends of the slave bring against the Board. I now submit the proof and challenge contradiction.

First, that one of the slaveholding members of the Board murderously proposed, in Virginia, to burn the Abolitionists. If your readers will please refer to the key to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Part 4th, chapter 1st, they will read as follows respecting Dr. Plummer (I have ascertained that he is a slaveholder and a member of the Board, and have published it extensively in the United States): "The Rev. William S. Plummer, D.D., of Richmond (Virginia), a member of the Old School Presbyterian Church, is another instance of the same sort. He was absent from Richmond at the time the clergy in that city purged themselves, in a body, from the charge of being favorably disposed to abolition. On his return, he lost no time in communicating to the 'Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence' his agreement with his clerical brethren. The passages quoted occur in his letter to the chairman: 'I have carefully watched this matter from its earliest existence, and everything I have seen or heard of its character, both from its patrons and its enemies, has confirmed me, beyond repentance, in the belief that, let the character of Abolitionists be what it may in the sight of the Judge of all the earth, this is the most meddlesome, imprudent, reckless, fierce, and wicked excitement I ever saw. If Abolitionists will set the country in a blaze, it is but fair they should have the first warming at the fire. . . . . Lastly, Abolitionists are like infidels, wholly unaddicted to martyrdom for opinion's sake. Let them understand that they will be caught (lynched), if they come among us, and they will take good heed to keep out of our way. There is not one man among them has any more idea of shedding his blood in this cause than he has of making war on the Grand Turk.'"

I come now to the missionaries—those laboring among the Cherokee and Choctaw Indians. These, it is well-known, hold slaves. In some instances a hundred slaves are held by one Indian. In the *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for April last, is a letter from Charles K. Whipple, of the United States, describing the pro-slavery policy of the above Board, from which the following is an extract:

"Complaints had been made that their slaveholding church-members were accustomed to sell children away from their parents; and the whole body of missionaries, in a letter signed by the Rev. Eliezer Butler, Moderator, and Rev. S. A. Worcester, Clerk, reply as follows: 'In regard to the separation of parents and children, we must first remark, that it is one of those things which are not forbidden by any express injunction of Scripture.'"

The Board and its missionaries deserve the severest censure of the civilized world; but ought not that censure to rest with equal weight upon the Secretary also—the Rev. Dr. Pomroy?

Thanking you, sir, for an opportunity of placing these charges and proofs before the public,

I am, &c., EDWARD MATHEWS.
Aldoborough, Suffolk, May 20, 1859.

ANTI-FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW CONVENTION.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION AT CLEVELAND.

SPEECHES OF GOV. CHASE, SENATOR WADE AND OTHERS—A DECLARATION.

THE Mass Convention of the opponents of the Fugitive Slave law, called to meet in Cleveland on the 24th of May, organized by the choice of the Hon. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS as President. The attendance was very large, and the proceedings enthusiastic. Among the speakers were Gov. Chase and Senator Wade of Ohio. We copy from *The Cleveland Herald*:

The Elyria train brought in six loaded cars, and in about half an hour afterward the train from Oberlin brought in thirteen loaded cars. Seven crowded cars came in on the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad. From the Lake Shore Railroad came in sixteen car-loads of delegates to the Convention. The Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad brought in five car-loads, and the Cleveland and Mahoning Railroad brought nine crowded cars. The railroads to-day did not bring less than 3,500 people to the Convention.

The delegates from the eastern lake shore towns, from Wellington and from Oberlin, with their neighboring towns, formed in procession at the depots, and marched to the public square.

Mr. Giddings having been elected President, the following Vice-Presidents were appointed:

John P. Converse, Geauga; John F. Morse, Lake; George H. Howe, Trumbull; Joseph De Wolfe, Portage; James Dumars, Mahoning; J. W. Vance, Knox; Jacob Heaton, Columbiana; James Monroe, Lorain; Herman Canfield, Medina; Sidney Edgerton, Summit; Dr. A. D. Skillenger, Huron; N. Wentworth, Ashland; Felix Nichols, Cuyahoga.

Letters were received from the Hon. Cassius M. Clay, the Hon. Wm. Dennison, Jr., of Columbus, Thomas Spooner of Cincinnati, Philip Dorsheimer of Buffalo, James A. Briggs of New York, and others.

The Hon. EDWARD WADE made a brief speech, full of telling hits and good humor. Mr. Wade has no very exalted opinion of Chief-Justice Taney and the pliant majority of his Bench. He spoke of the Fugitive Slave law, its nature, its constitutionality, and its binding force. Because a Judge, not in the line of his judicial duty, pronounces an enactment law, that does not make it law. He is not to make the law, but to look at it as it has been made. What is the Supreme Court, and what is Justice Taney? Why, I wish the crowd could look in upon the Supreme Court, as I have done, and I tell you your bump of veneration would fall right in (laughter). You have seen, in passing farmers' barns in the early times of the country, the sides of his barn and out-buildings covered with the skins of coons and other animals. The Supreme Court has much the same appearance and the same nature as these dried parchments.

Mr. GIDDINGS made a long speech, advocating immediate action in regard to suing out a writ of habeas corpus for the release of the untried prisoners. During the course of his remarks he asked all who were willing to submit to tyranny to speak. There was a dead silence. The question was then put as to their disposition to resist tyranny after all legal means had failed, and a thundering "Yes" came up from all the crowd. Mr. Giddings said he should like to hear that voice in every dale and forest in the land, chasing the Democratic party to the very gates of hell itself. For the benefit of the Democrats present he would say he was willing to try every legal means before proceeding to the last extremity.

Mr. Giddings added:

"I would not wait one hour for the decision of the Supreme Court, but would obtain process from the nearest judicial officer, and, if I could direct its proceedings, would have the prisoners brought at once to the stand, and there, in the presence of the people, would have them released, that all may witness the process by which citizens of Ohio are set at liberty when imprisoned under the Fugitive act."

[In a subsequent note, addressed to *The Cleveland Leader*, Mr. Giddings defines his exact position:

"My position has been, now is, and probably will be while I live, that when the forms of law shall fail, and peaceful resources be exhausted, I would maintain the liberties of our citizens against the Fugitive act *by force*."]

At this point Gov. Chase arrived, and his appearance was greeted with tumultuous cheering.

J. M. ROOT addressed the meeting. He said that the Fugitive Slave law was not passed to catch runaway "niggers," but to humiliate the North—to make it eat dirt.

SPEECH OF GOV. CHASE.

GOV. CHASE came forward, and was received with tremendous applause. Waiting a few moments for the excitement to subside, he commenced as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: A few hours ago I was sitting in my office at Columbus, not expecting to meet you here to-day. But having received a summons to attend this meeting, I felt that it was my duty to be here, and I have, therefore, come. I have not come to speak to you words of excitement, nor to urge you to anything that you may hereafter have occasion to regret. In every juncture there are two courses open for adoption—the right and the wrong.

The American people have the power in their own hands, through the ballot box, to proceed in a lawful manner to repeal a bad law, and, if necessary, to reform law-makers and law-breakers. You can do it all, and therefore it is not necessary to resort to any course of action that we cannot at all times carry out in a proper manner. What is the state of this case? Men whom we all know and honor are incarcerated in yonder jail for doing what they believed to be right, and what not one man in ten thousand can place his hand on his heart and say is not morally right. This is a great wrong, but what is the true method of redress? We must look at our own government in the proper light. It is a sovereign State, one of several States forming a general confederation. It exists under a Federal government and under a State government. Now, the Federal Court may do wrong, as even a State government may do wrong, but it is a government that we ourselves have made. If it does wrong, we must turn out the members of that government and put in men who will conform

national bayonets? What think you of the political attempts to vote a minority Constitution over the heads of the freemen of Kansas, and to drive it down with sword and ball? What think you of the decision of the Supreme Court that the black man has no rights which the white man is bound to respect? What think you of their dicta that citizens of free States are not citizens of the *United States?* What think you of the Dred Scott decision in its *real purport*—that slavery is the only sovereignty of these States—in the language of the Kentucky and Kansas laws, a man's right to his slave "is higher than all laws and constitutions"? What think you of that sort of a "higher law"? What think you of the embryo political movement, under "Democratic" (!) auspices, which will, in 1860, call upon you to invest Congress with the power to put it into practice in all the Territories, and then in all the States? You can't see speculative opinions—you know nothing of the logic of principles—you ignore cause and effect by induction, making the past future history! But you see your good and true men now lying in prison! You begin to understand that thing! You call a Convention on the 24th inst. You invoke the countenance and aid of "every true patriot and friend of freedom!" Very good! You intend to "resolve," to "protest," to "denounce." Is that all? Then go home and wear your chains! I say, *are you ready to fight?* Not to fight the poor Judge at Cleveland—not to fight the Marshal—not to fight the miserable packed jury—not to fight the tools of the despots, but the despots themselves!—not to violate the laws—not to make emeutes—not to produce anarchy—but to maintain constitutional liberty. peaceably *if we can, forcibly if we must!* Are you ready for that? If not, give it up now! Don't go into a National Convention to select a standard-bearer who is a "submissionist"! Don't put up a "compromiser"! Don't look out for a "conservative"! They'll all betray you, as they have done! They all do that which you expected and desired them to do! They'll all sell us out, as we have been willing to be sold! "The Union will be again in danger"! I played prophet thirteen years ago—I'll play the same part again.

Men do not lay down power voluntarily; our masters, the slaveocracy, are not going "to go out like a snuff." The "Democracy" intend to *rule the Union* or *ruin the Union!* I don't intend, so far as I can prevent, so far as I can control or influence the Republican party, that they shall be allowed to do either. I want a man at the head of the party who will be the *platform* of the party. I want now no cornstalk general, but a real general. I want a man whose banners bear no uncertain sign. When I see *Slave Propagandism* on the banners of the Democracy, I want to see, in legible colors, *Liberty Propagandism* on the flag of the Republicans. When I read "Slavery is higher than all laws and all constitutions," I want a scribe who will write under it, and on it, in letters like those of John Hancock, *that is a lie!* When the slaveholders say if you elect a Republican President, we will dissolve the Union, I don't want any one to put off the evil day which would follow such event by saying, "Let it slide!" but some one who would stand by the tomb of Andrew Jackson, and become infused to such extent with the spirit of that old patriot and hero that he would be ready to cry out, in the fullness of inspiration, "By the Eternal, the Union shall be preserved!" I would have no man to be precipitate—bandy no hard words—be by no means "fussy"—but, standing upon the great rocks of *State Sovereignty* and *National Supremacy* I would defy the canting traitors to liberty, law, civilization and humanity! That's what I mean by asking you are you *ready to fight?* If you have got your sentiments up to that manly pitch, I am with you all through to the end! But if not, I'll have none of your Conventions; no more farcical campaigns; no more humbugs; no more Fourth of July orations; no more Declarations of Independence; no more platitudes; no more glittering generalities; no more rights of man; no more liberty, equality and fraternity! In obscure places, in silence and humility, I will crush out the aspirations of earlier and better days, and attempt the dutiful but hard task of forgetting that I was *born free!* C. M. CLAY.

Messrs. S. O. Griswold, &c., Com., &c., Cleveland, Ohio.

A CHURCH GOING INTO BUSINESS.

Yes, and such a business! None of your vulgar huckstering! your piddler-pedlery! your small barter of such insignificant commodities as rice, cotton, corn or tobacco! Did the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church which met at Evansville, Indiana, on the 28th ult., speculated in steamboats, or sold plantations, or played bull or bear with dubious stocks, somebody might have protested against making the Father's House a house of merchandise—but the Assembly, jealous of its dignity and emulous of ecclesiastical decorum, traded in nothing meaner than men, and thus preserved from the scandal of a censurious world the respectability of Cumberland Christianity. This is more pleasing to the fastidious mind, because, as we perceive, a decent demeanor before the world is rigidly inculcated by the Cumberland creed, the professors of which were warned by the Moderator, just before the adjournment, "to walk circumspectly before the community in which they were sojourning." This Mentor might, indeed, have used the spirited words of Gen. Bom. Furioso:

"Adieu, brave army! don't kick up a row."

He did, indeed, with charming modesty remind the General Assemblers that they "were the light of the world"; and he, we presume, may be regarded in some sort as a pair of snuffers, charged with the responsible duty of keeping the wicks clear from death's-heads and cinkers. We suppose that his advice was heeded, and that the reverend members smoked their cigars and took their toddies discreetly; for we do not hear of any of them in the calaboose—and now for the mercantile speculations of the Cumberlanders!

It seems that Brother Davis, late the Treasurer of the Assembly, is no more, he having yielded to the Great Extinguisher some time ago. The Cumberland Christians could have borne their bereavement with tolerable equanimity if Brother Davis, in the hurry of his departure, had not forgotten to settle his accounts, and had remembered to leave money enough behind him to discharge a balance against him. To speak plainly, although it is painful so to speak, Brother Davis died a defaulter; and the Trustees, as became careful stewards, forthwith took out that carnal weapon called a writ; secured that worldly result, a judgment; and, finally, obtained against Brother Davis's Administrator that persuasive document styled an execution. But an execution against a dead Treasurer, even of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, is of small value, unless the Sheriff can find something satisfactory whereupon to levy. So that the officer, casting about, discovered a small lot of "niggers," formerly the property of Brother Davis, which the Administrator had put out of his possession, by some kind of huggermuggery, but which he disgorged, so to speak, upon receiving a bond of indemnity. Then the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church went into market overt with its little flock of niggers, and did, we suppose, with many invocations of God's blessing upon the sale, dispose of the same at public vendue, and received the consecrated cash therefor.

The affair, however, is not yet comfortably settled. The Administrator threatens an action. The widow Davis threatens another. So that the purchase-money remains in the sacred coffer, nor will it be safe for the Assembly to spend a dime of it until all manner of Courts of Common Law and of Equity have passed a great variety of decrees, issued a large assortment of injunctions, received sundry and various verdicts, listened to many a long-drawn pleading and prosy argument, and increased the sheaf of rebutters, rejoinders, surrebutters and surrejoinders, to gigantic proportions; and, as these luxuries of the law are expensive, it is not improbable—we say it dolorously—that every individual "nigger" will be used up in fees, retainers and costs, before the affair is terminated.

And what then will become of the missionary work of the Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly? For, be it known to the reader, that, when the Assembly had effected this small transaction, and run off its entire stock of human beings at tolerably high rates, it solemnly dedicated the cash received to the missionary cause. We do not know in what particular part of the world it is proposed to oblige Heaven and favor Christianity by the expenditure of this money; but, for once, we hope that the obdurate King of the Cannibal Islands will be left to his fate, and that the Cumberlanders will remember that charity begins at home. As those fortunate "niggers" have been permitted by the wisdom of the Cumberland Church to devote themselves to the work of extending the arena of the Faith, they should at least have the chance of reaping some benefit personally from the transaction; so that, when Kentucky has been thoroughly Christianized and converted, at their personal cost and expense, they may find, as the result of their devotion, fewer floggings and fuller fare.

But, we ask with great deference, must it not be to each of these favored gentlemen a source of pure and proud satisfaction to know that, in the providence of God, they, the lowly, the oppressed, and the degraded, have been permitted to offer themselves living sacrifices upon the altar of the Cumberland Faith? When one of them shall see a new pine steeple glittering with fresh and radiant tin, as it shoots into the air, he may take off his hat to it, if he has one, and exclaim: "That is my leg!" When a precious season arrives, and the crop of Cumberland Christians is fast ripening for a glorious harvest, how pleasing it will be for one of the Presbyters' negroes to exclaim: "Behold the work of these ten stubbed fingers, and of these two brawny arms! I am Paul and Apollos—behold the glorious increase which God has given." Here, then, another evidence of the unnumbered blessings of slavery! Which one of all of us, fervid as may be our devotion, and tender as may be our sympathies for the benighted and gall-embittered world, will do for the Great Cause what these Kentucky negroes will do? When the clinking boxes are going up and down the aisles, and with much fervor and noise we deposit our shillings and sixpences, we undoubtedly experience a thrill of satisfaction at our own generosity, and are much soothed by the calm approbation of our own consciences. But who of us would be willing to mount the auction-block, and to listen to the "going, going," until we finally heard that we were "gone"? Where is the pious and portly pillar of some prosperous Cumberland Church, who, as the doxology ended, would not feel uncomfortable upon being told that the Missionary cause required his sale incontinently, and that he must, instead of going home to the piping hot joint, and the subsequent pudding, be disposed of to the highest bidder? Would he not protest? And if he should swear a little, do you think the Recording Angel would use indelible ink? So selfish, so shrinking from self-devotion, so mindful of our own ease, and so careless of the souls of our brethren, does this pernicious freedom make us. Whereas, we suppose that these poor negroes submitted to their fate without a murmur, and blessed the pious hands which felt of their muscles, and saw the light of Christian love in the eyes which examined their teeth. Some natural tears perhaps they shed as they marched from home, or from all of home which they had possessed; but a couple of prayers or a hymn or two made everything serene, and they submitted to their destiny with all the sweetness of religious resignation.

But, as we have said, the final disposition of these sacred funds is yet uncertain. The Cumberland General Assembly is holding on with faithful tenacity; but the heirs of the defaulting Treasurer are still active. If those holy negroes should by and by learn that they have not so much benefited the church as the lawyers, the information may cost them a pang. We are afraid that they will be apt to consider themselves wasted and squandered. If we ever hear of the end of the matter, we shall take the liberty of informing our readers.—*Tribune*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT COMPROMISE.—WITHOUT CONCESSION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859.

Correspondents will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

WANTED, a copy of Mrs. Douglass's Narrative of her Imprisonment at Norfolk for teaching negroes their letters. Any person who has a copy to sell, or who can tell where one may be obtained, is earnestly requested to address the Editor of this paper.

A POWER ON EARTH.

THERE was sense in what M. Kossuth said years ago ago in this country, as to the position of this country as a Power on Earth. He did not show his sagacity in supposing that he had the gift to transform us into one; but he did in discerning that we were nothing of the sort. The present attitude of the nation is emphatic commentary enough on his text. The continental nations are joining in arms in a quarrel which has at least the pretext of justice and freedom. Of an imperfect justice and a most qualified liberty we are free to confess; but yet a struggle aiming at something better than what now is. Louis Napoleon is an odd champion of the oppressed, it must be owned; but it is circumstances that has overpowered for the time the instinct of his tyranny. The visionary gleam of the dagger of assassination and the shade of Orsini leaning forward from the near future stimulate his nearest selfishness; while his dynastic necessities compel him to take some step which shall satisfy the yearning vanity of France and at the same time give employment to the army which preys on her vitals. Hence comes the situation of which Bonaparte must make himself the master or it will make itself master of him and his dynasty, and lay both in the dust, without any poetic intermediacy of a sublime exile in St. Helena. He can hardly avoid doing more good than harm in his present movement, if events be but left to their natural development and helped forward wisely in the right direction.

Now, in such a state of things as exists at present, the combined influence of two such cognate nations as England and the United States could not but be most omnipotent could it be put forth at the right time and in the right direction. The old despotisms of Europe are at each other's throats. Every blow that draws blood weakens the power of the enthroned tyrants of the continent. If the contest continue for a tithe of the average duration of wars, all the despotic princes of Europe will be shaken in their thrones. At least they will be shaken on the Exchanges of the world, for it is there that the foundations of their strength are laid. The Jews rule Europe. The Stock Exchanges are the real privy councils and legislative assemblies from which the edicts go forth which establish or overthrow kings and kaisers. And behind these stand the monetary classes and the bulk of the people, who sustain the stock-brokers, and without whose confidence the Rothschilds would sink into bankruptcy and ruin. The time must come, and it may come very soon, when the dry rot in the system of continental despotism, of which M. Kossuth speaks in his late speech at the London Tavern, will begin to make itself manifest in the weakening of the whole fabric, through the general, the universal want of confidence in its stability, and it will begin to totter to its fall. Every battle in Italy, whichever combatant may prevail for the time, will only hasten this most blessed downfall.

The position of England, at the present time, is, on the whole, hopeful and promising. The oligarchic madness which stood between the shock of tyrannies, half a century ago, and saved them for the time, by helping the old to overthrow the new, is measurably quenched, or qualified. The sympathy of what survives of the old Tory party, the party of Liverpool and Castlereagh, is undoubtedly with Austria, and would readily plunge England into the conflict to suppress the *parvenu* Emperor, for all his Garter, or at least to keep him within the limits of France, in favor of the long-established tyranny of the Austrian race. Italy would be but a pawn on the chess-board of the dynastic gamesters, who Tory England would be content to see thrown away, or given in so the old *régime* of despotism might go on as of old time. But since the days of the war for the suppression of the French Revolution, there has a great change come over England. The People have vindicated their right to a share in the determination of public affairs to a degree which would have been looked on only as a treasonous dream had it been predicted fifty years ago. This, not merely by the increased weight given directly to the popular element by the Parliamentary Reform of 1832, but by the growing strength of public sentiment and the growing enlightenment which strengthens with it. This may not be enough to engage England in this war, on the right side, but it will render it impossible for her to be plunged into it on the wrong.

Now, had the United States been the Power on Earth which geography and statistics would make her out to be, what an umpireship they might have held in such a Battle of the Nations as this! Did she not make the parting injunctions of Washington as to "entangling alliances" and mixtures in European quarrels, which were eminently wise at the time and under the circumstances when they were given, an excuse for selfish neutrality and cowardly indifference, what a balance she might have held in the affairs of the world! The knot of the tragedy is just becoming involved to the degree which demands the interposition of a divine unloosener; but it is not reserved for us to take part in any manly or heroic quarrel, even to settle it aright for the interests of freedom and the peoples. We have no time to give to the contemplation of great historical developments. We are too busy in catching our negroes, in punishing men humane enough to help them in their evasion, in conniving at the introduction of fresh cargoes of them, in despite of the halter to which the humanity and intelligence of the age has condemned the piratical crew engaged in it, in bullying small nationalities and weak powers in our neighborhood and conspiring for the larceny of new lands for the strengthening of our slavery; we are too full of all these things to have any eye or any hand for the grand conflict of ideas which have joined battle on the other continent. Alas, had Washington lived to this day, he would not have thought it necessary to warn his countrymen against intermeddling with European quarrels. It was an honest, if a mistaken, enthusiasm for the triumph of ideas, by means of the French Revolution, that drew that warning from him, then. There is no spirit left to call for any such paternal admonition now. He might have trusted to our self-seeking, timid, submissive yielding to the behests of our own tyranny and spared himself any admonition against interfering to disarm those of the tyrannies of the European continent.

Now, what is the occasion of this national impotency, which makes America of no account in the contemporary history of the world, except as a servile raiser of cotton and of corn? The reason is patent for all that will look to see. It is because we ourselves are bound in the chains of a political despotism, which holds us back from any generous demonstration. The basis on which our political institutions rest being slavery, and our whole public policy, as far as we have any, being absorbed in protecting and extending it, we have neither the disposition nor the power to show any sympathy with struggling Liberty or to put forth any efforts in her help. Our armies and navies exist to put down just such uprisings as now stir the heart of Italy, and to extend over other lands a tyranny compared to which that of Austria is a well-tempered Constitutionalism. Were we what we seem, what M. Kossuth was simple enough to suppose that we are, a genuine Republic, in which the voice of the majority rules, and a voice informed by an intelligent love of liberty, what a glorious influence we might exert over the destinies of the world! When the time shall come, which is certainly not yet, but which, as certainly, is not far remote, when the two great Anglo-Saxon nations could interpose with overwhelming effect, what an opportunity shall we not have lost!

But it may not be. If any happy result issue from out the heat and flame of this European combustion, we can have no part nor lot in it. The chain which, locked to the neck of the slave, is rivetted also to our own, must yet hold us back. And we shall be taught to accept the paltry profits of some dirty carrying trade as a glorious amends! Until the millions of the North can muster spirit enough to throw off the yoke of the puny tricksters of the South, and to proclaim a true Declaration of Independence, and to set up a Northern Republic, in which there shall be no master and no slave, they must be content to endure the shame and submit to the contempt, which are the just and natural incidents of their condition. In that day, there will be a Western Republic that shall be indeed a Power on Earth. And then, too, shall the ancient paradox be solved, for the Half shall be shown to be more than the Whole.

FRIGHTENED BY A MOUSE.

A MOUSE in the meal! Now, it takes a good deal of courage, in many people, to encounter even a mouse in a meal-barrel. The housemaid, who hears a rattling and gnawing, is startled, and when asked, "What is it?" is too frightened to lift off the cover to see, and so replies diplomatically, as she is forced to say something, "I think, ma'am, there is no meal." The mistress, who has heard the noise in the pantry, is not exactly frightened herself—not at all!—but would rather not have the cover lifted off for fear of frightening the mouse; and she inquires, likewise diplomatically, "Really, is there no meal?" Meanwhile, the mouse, hearing the noise outside the barrel, and taking the hint of something more than no meal inside, decamps to find a living somewhere else.

Now, this is not a fable—either of Æsop, or of La Fontaine. The incident—trifling, ludicrous and singular as it may appear—recently occurred in a most conspicuous manner, in a public place; that is, week before last, in the Old School Presbyterian General Assembly at Indianapolis! The little farce was then and there actually performed, and with a very grave and reverend cast of characters. The housemaid's part was taken by the Rev. Dr. Musgrave—the Latin and Saxon syllables of whose name, united, are fearfully significant of misfortune to mice! The mistress in the pantry was represented by the Rev. Dr. Humphrey. Now, who is the Rev. Dr. Musgrave? He is the Secretary of the Old School Board of Missions. And who is the Rev. Dr. Humphrey? He is Theological Professor in Danville Seminary, Kentucky, and chairman of the same Board of Missions. And who is the mouse in the meal?* A young student in Princeton Old School Seminary, who is known to us not by his Christian name, but only by his unchristian heresies.

Now, it was in this wise that the mouse was found in the meal!

The Rev. Mr. Van Dyke, Old School minister and member from Brooklyn, having the floor of the Assembly during a discussion of the subject of domestic missions, made an allusion to a certain missionary, under the patronage of the Board, who was "*suspected of being an Abolitionist.*" The Rev. Mr. Van Dyke had merely heard a noise, and only inquired, "What's that?" But his allusion—startling, not to say terrifying, as it was, to the Assembly—called for an immediate explanation; and the reverend gentleman asked the Rev. Dr. Humphrey to give the requisite information. The Rev. Dr. Humphrey "hesitated"; he was not exactly afraid, but he "regretted to be compelled to say anything about the matter"; he was "very reluctant to shock a young man's feelings"—just as reluctant as the old lady was to frighten the mouse! But, "if the truth must be told, be would tell it."

The Rev. Dr. Humphrey then proceeded to state that a student in Princeton Seminary had applied to the Board to be sent as a missionary to California; that the "young gentleman was found to be, on inquiry, much as he regretted to say it, not eminent for his prudence and discretion"; that "he had garned, in reference to a particular subject, a course which greatly agitated the students of the Seminary, and gave concern to the faculty"; that he "urged his views on that subject with such spirit and vehemence that the Board thought he was not a proper person to be sent"; that he was, therefore, told by the Rev. Dr. Secretary Musgrave—*what?* That no Abolitionist could be appointed? No, but that "*the funds were very low*"; and that "as it would be some time before he would graduate, there was no necessity for deciding his case then." Whereupon, the young man wrote in reply that he had a call, then pending, to a church in New Jersey, and that the matter must be "decided at once"—which the Rev. Dr. Musgrave decided at once by replying that "he had better go to New Jersey."

"This was the case," said the reverend chairman, and he "coincided with the Secretary that a very clear case it was"—that "the young man was an *agitator*, and not, as they say in Kentucky, *sentimentally a Presbyterian.*"

He then further mentioned that while he was conferring with the Secretary concerning the matter, they were joined by the Rev. Mr. Van Dyke, who asked, "what was the objection to the young man?" to which he replied that "he was an agitator." The Rev. Mr. Van Dyke here suddenly interrupted the speaker, by putting the question, "would he be good enough to state the precise language he had used before?" The Rev. Dr. Humphrey then remarked more explicity, "I said that he was an *Abolition* agitator; these were the words; I did not expect then that brother Van Dyke was going to make any use of what I said, or I would have taken him out and made a full explanation at the time."

The Rev. Mr. Van Dyke then rose to reply; for the whole truth had not been told, and he meant to tell it; and he then proceeded to make a speech, in which two interesting and remarkable facts were unexpectedly brought to light. The first was that the representation made to the young man, that "the funds were low," was *not true!* For, as both the chairman and the secretary were compelled to admit, there was then on hand a surplus of twenty-five thousand dollars, lying unused in the treasury! The second was that the young man, on receiving his repulse from the Board, told some of the students of the alleged lowness of the funds; and, in consequence of his accidental mention of the matter, greatly to the mortification of the Rev. Mr. Van Dyke and of all other persons who sincerely desire the progress of missions, three fellow-students—conservative and unexceptionable young men, whom the Board would have been glad to have sent to California, at a fair salary—thought it would be useless to make application, and accordingly *abandoned their missionary design!* Thus, because the chairman and the secretary were too timid to say plainly that there was an Abolitionist in the case, but replied, instead, that the funds were low, three fine young men—genuine "sentimental Presbyterians, as they say in Kentucky"—were driven away from their proposed field of useful labor, and forced to seek elsewhere for their bread, while there was at that moment, as it were in their father's house, bread enough and to spare!

Now, was not this a sufficient reason why the Rev. Mr. Van Dyke, with a generous zeal for missions, after having discovered that there was a mouse in the meal, should denounce, with hearty indignation, the maid and the mistress, who were afraid to say that it was a mouse, and who falsified themselves by saying that there was no meal! It is hardly to be supposed that this impulsive divine, in making these unhappy disclosures, had any possible interest in a theological student who had so far forgotten his calling as to have become an "Abolition agitator," instead of remaining "sentimentally a Presbyterian." That clergyman, to our knowledge, has never been suspected of any tendency in that direction; on the contrary, he is supposed to have quite as much zeal for the single book of Genesis, as against the view of a Pictorial Epic, as for the entire Bible as against the doctrine that black men's bodies are divinely ordained to be white men's merchandise. His sole and disinterested object seems to have been to show, not that an Abolitionist had been maltreated, but that because of a miserable Abolitionist who happened to be in the way, three other and better men had been deprived of an opportunity of usefulness, with a good support. But, as it is always ungracious to question any man's motives—even though he be an Old School Presbyterian divine—we will frankly say that if the Rev. Mr. Van Dyke had any higher object than this, either to promote or to defend abolitionism in the faintest degree—we give him our thanks; for we are very sure that he will receive no thanks from the General Assembly, or from the great body of the Old School Church which it represents!

Poor Abolitionist of Princeton! Poor young church-mouse that frightened all the old church-members! Poor barrel of meal and Board of Missions, to be damaged by a wretched mouse! Poor Theological Seminary, in which oh, hot abolitionism has sprung up—as unexpectedly as mushing-glories in a cob-cellar! Poor "three young men," whose prospects are blighted and who have now good reason to be "sentimental Presbyterians"! Poor housemaid, Dr. Musgrave, to be scared at a little noise in a big barrel! Poor old lady, Dr. Humphrey, who, because of a mouse in the meal, told the innocent fib that there was no meal! Poor General Assembly, that did not happen to have, on its floor, a Chinese member to have eaten up the mouse, that now unfortunately runs at large! Poor Old School Church, now to be overrun with mischievous mice—leaving God's fair Presbyterian heritage to be devoured by his foul Abolition vermin!

DR. CHEEVER'S SPEECH.

DR. CHEEVER'S Speech, on the first page, is, in some respects, the most striking and powerful of all his utterances upon the slavery question. His review of Dr. Behemiah Adams's "South-Side View" is one of the most scathing pieces of criticism that ever came under our notice, while his descriptions of the moral rottenness of the Churches and their representative corporations exceed in severity anything that any Abolitionist of our school has ever uttered. Indeed, no man not a genius in the mastery of language *could* employ it with such terrible effect; and yet, so far from exaggerating anything, he falls, as all human effort must, adequately to describe the transcendent and unblushing wickedness of the Church, or the brazen and guilty effrontery of its leaders. But we are compelled to say to Dr. Cheever, "One thing thou lackest," viz.: *the unshrinking fidelity to principle which translates brave words into still braver deeds.* Words, when contradicted by deeds, are but idle breath; and Dr. Cheever *does* contradict and stultify himself every time that he speaks of Dr. Adams as "a *Christian* man" and of the American Church as "*the Church*" *of Christ.* In every hour that he fails to dissolve his relations with that Church and cut the ecclesiastical tie between himself and South-side Adams, his own words rebuke him: "Slavery can never be broken up, can never cease, while its support is deemed not inconsistent with the most fervent sentiments of Christianity." If, while uttering these words upon the platform of the Missionary Association, he had solemnly denied the Christian name to the Church and the men who "transfigure the moral sewers of our worst social corruptions and most appalling sins into sacred organic pipes of devout national melody, and at one and the same utterance spew out the compound feculence of the most infamous depravity and the inspirations of missionary hallelujahs," and at the same time proclaimed his purpose no longer to stand in relations of fellowship with such a Church and such men, he would have shaken the system of slavery to its foundations and filled the hearts of its clerical champions and apologists with alarm; whereas, now, they look upon his denunciations as only of *Pickwickian* significance and force. So they were regarded by the clergyman from England, who followed Dr. Cheever after the delivery of this very address, as we would show if we could now find the report of his remarks; and so they will generally be regarded until the Church of the Puritans, with Dr. Cheever at its head, shall strike for absolute and entire independence of the Churches which they denounce as pro-slavery, and brand them as anti-Christian and infidel. We call upon them to do this, not on anti-slavery grounds alone, but for the honor of Christianity itself. We do not ask them to change one single item of their creed, or to abate one hair's breadth from their orthodoxy, but only to call things by their right names—to carry out to their logical results principles which often fall from their lips and which they profess to cherish in their hearts.

HISTORY OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 31st, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

As a systematic agitation, with societies, papers, meetings, lectures, &c., I believe that Temperance is older than Anti-Slavery, and that it prepared the way for the latter.

If the history of our reform were once well and fully written up—including means and efforts, successes and defeats—it would help every other.

In the midst of an arduous search for materials—seemingly about to perish—for a History of Temperance, may I ask THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD to do, what a mere party paper—the *Evening Journal*—has done, and indeed what the pro-slavery, pro-liquor *Atlas and Argus* has done—publish the enclosed? I request this, with the hope that it may move some one to send me what I would not otherwise get, and that it may dispose others to take the trouble I am compelled to ask direct.

As a specimen of the labor such a project involves, I will add, that I have written a dozen letters, and paid a dozen postages, to get a single document or pamphlet. One gentleman told me he had spent all day in search, and couldn't find a pamphlet which he himself had written. Yours, very truly, AMASA MCCOY.

From The Albany Evening Journal.

LITERARY NEWS—TEMPERANCE HISTORY.—It has been a question of a good deal of interest and inquiry among the writers on Temperance as to when, where, and by whom, the first Temperance Society was organized. It was at length pretty generally agreed that it was at Moreau, in the State of New York, in 1808, by Dr. Billy J. Clark, and the Rev. Mr. Armstrong. It is accordingly so stated in Appleton's new Cyclopædia, in an article on Total Abstinence, written by Mr. Greeley. It seems, however, that a Society was established three years earlier (1805), at Ailestown, New Jersey. Rev. E. Page, of Trenton, has lately forwarded the "Constitution Book" of that Society (it was called the "Sober Society"), with the original fifty-eight signatures, to Prof. Amasa McCoy, of Albany, Corresponding Secretary of the World's Temperance Committee, and late editor of *The Prohibitionist*, who has long been collecting materials for a full and authentic History of the Temperance Reform, from its origin to the present time, tracing its influence upon the habits, the social usages, the politics and the legislation of this and other countries.

We infer that the prospect of a history from such a source will be agreeable information to many friends of the cause. A distinguished and laborious collector of statistics on Temperance in New York (the first who exposed the Distillery Milk Nuisance, in 1841) writes to a friend in Albany as follows: "Should I understand that it is Professor McCoy's purpose to prepare a full history of the Temperance reform for publication? If such is his design, I should be happy to favor his object. The history of the Reform has never been written; and I would rejoice that it had been undertaken by one so eminently qualified to do it justice."

The most indifferent observer of this movement, or even an opponent of some of its later phases, feels some interest in a faithful record of its rise and progress, when he is told that it was computed, twenty years ago, that it had saved a million of lives, and that so learned and eminent an authority as the late Dr. John C. Warren, of Boston, held in his writings that it had added not less than one-sixth to the wealth and moral energy of Massachusetts. A year before his death, writing from Marshfield, Daniel Webster expressed himself as follows: "There can be no question that the Temperance movement in the United States has done infinite good."

TRIBUTES TO DEPARTED WORTH.

AT a stated meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society held June 9th, 1859, the following resolutions were adopted.

Resolved, That in the death of CHARLES F. HOVEY, of Boston, we, incommon with the Abolitionists of the United States, have sustained serious loss; and that, while we deplore the loss, we rejoice in the example of his beautiful life of unwearied self-devotion to the cause of human freedom; and we trust that, though dead, his memory will still speak to us in living words of counsel and encouragement, as we pursue the work from which he has been taken.

Resolved, That we also deeply sympathise with the Junior Anti-Slavery Society of this city, in the early removal, by death, of one of their members, SAMUEL BETTLE, Jr., whose clear judgment, and fidelity to the right, evinced by his sacrifices in the cause of the slave, furnish an illustration of the truth that "honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age."

M. J. BURLEIGH, Secretary.

MARIUS ROBINSON, of Ohio, has been appointed, by the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, a Lecturing Agent of said Society; and has accepted the appointment.

Mr. Robinson's present post-office address is Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.—No. VI.

MAY 23, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: We read with some surprise in American newspapers that Mr. Cobden has been using his opportunity as the guest of the President to consult him on the subject of a mediation between the belligerent Powers in Europe—Mr. Buchanan himself to be the mediator. The story is probably untrue, the growth of conjecture, or of the impression of Mr. Cobden as a leader in the little group of Peace men in this country. If, however, it is true, or at all extensively believed in the United States, it will be as well to remind your countrymen that Mr. Cobden is not a representative of English opinion on more than a sprinkle class of subjects. I need not explain that he is not so on the question of American slavery; and on foreign policy he is as little entitled to speak for the public at home. The nation would say, if asked whether it would be well for Mr. Buchanan to mediate in the continental quarrel, that the thing is impossible. On two grounds at least it is so impracticable that I am disposed to hope that Mr. Cobden has not proposed anything so foolish.

It is impracticable because the quarrel is of a nature which does not admit of mediation. It is not a case of misunderstanding. It is not a case of interpretation of treaties; nor a question of boundaries, or of territorial or commercial rights. There is no ground for explanation, no point for decision, no field for arbitration. The cause lies deeper and rises higher than intervention can reach. The thing to be proved is whether the Italians shall live as they please or continue to be overruled by a foreign power which they detest. A shout of derision was raised, two years since, when one of our most liberal statesmen observed that it was a pity the people of Lombardy were not a little more civil and patient towards the Austrians, as, by showing a compliant temper, they might obtain many concessions and relaxations of rule. The scornful reply, from Englishman as well as Italians, was that the people did not want relaxations and bounties; they wanted the strangers to take themselves off from a country where they were unwelcome, and had been settled for the political convenience of the ruling sovereigns of 1815. A stronger cry of derision would arise now if any statesman in any country were to propose terms of accomodation in such a quarrel. It is true there was no evident reason for the strife beginning at this time rather than another. It is perfectly fair to warn the world against the Bonapartes, for whose personal objects the explosion has evidently been effected this year rather than another; but there never was a time when mediation could have done more than defer the fighting; and at no time since the Orsini conspiracy probably has even that limited range been open to intervention. But, it may be said, if the Lombards, and other Italian victims of Austrian despotism, direct or indirect, cannot be restrained from trying to drive out their oppressor, may not timely mediation prevent the war from spreading? This is exactly what England is trying, and what the neutral powers throughout Europe certainly sincerely desire. No help from America could avail, more or less, because the question still is between dissatisfied peoples and their despotic rulers. Whether the war spreads or not seems to depend on whether the other foreign subjects of Austria think proper to rise or to wait. The Austrian empire is artificially composed. It is not contained within a territory of ancient limits, or naturally bounded, and its subjects are not an organized nation, speaking one language and habituated to a system of institutions. It is an aggregate of stray States, bound up together for other folks' convenience. From this it follows, not only that various portions are discontented, but that their discontent is a perpetual incitement to the military powers of the continent to intrigue, and in one form or another assail the general peace. Thus the general peace now hangs on the chances of the conduct of the eastern provinces of the Austrian empire and the influence they exert on their neighbors. At every word of civility that passes between one great man and another—in Montenegro and Servia, in the Danubian States, or anywhere from the Baltic to the Levant—somebody gives a start, and there is a whisper of more war. Either the conflict is that which must sooner or later take place to decide the alternative of conventional or natural government in the enslaved countries of Europe, or it is a partial and preliminary conflict; and in either case there is nothing for mediation to do, because compromise and accommodation are out of the question. There is one more consideration, which I will mention to render the statement complete as far as it goes, though it does not concern Mr. Cobden at the time of his visit to Washington. The conduct of the minor States of Germany can hardly be known across the Atlantic, even yet. That conduct is becoming (to English eyes) more absurd, fantastic and mischievous from week to week. The false analogies which shallow minds are forever following out between the career of the former and the present Napoleon are acting on the German imagination like wine on the hungry man. The notion of being invaded by France has thrown the quiet and submissive Germans into a condition of fear and rage which is nothing short of madness. There is not, as far as is known, a tittle of evidence that the Emperor thinks of attacking Germany, and every sort of reason why he should not; yet, on the mere imagination that he will, the small States are raving to join Austria, which is not a German State, and furiously scolding neutral Prussia, which is the true embodiment of the German mind. In this direction, the preservation of the general peace depends on Prussia. While she remains neutral there can be no general German war, and at present she has no cause of quarrel with France. No doubt her prepossessions are German; and she will be ready at the first moment to resist aggression, and reply to menace from beyond the Rhine; but at present there is no pretence whatever for anything worse than vigilance on her part. It may be said, as Prussia leans on England for sympathy and guidance, that the preservation of the general peace depends on us. To a great degree it does so, as we could at any moment remove the strong restraint which keeps down the German hatred of Louis Napoleon. How could your President do any good in this case? The neutral powers are already guarding such peace as remains by restraining passions over which none but European authorities have any power. If they succeed, it will be where a transatlantic mediator can do nothing; and if, after all, war bursts out on the Rhine, it will not be for want of anything that an American President could have done to prevent it. His influence would probably be strongest with Russia; but it is believed by most sensible people that the Czar himself is as heartily disposed in favor of peace as any intercessor could make him. In spite of alarms, introduced and propagated from Germany, of a secret conspiracy between the French and Russian sovereigns to invade everybody else, the rational part of our nation believe that we are safer from French aggression than at any time since the *coup d'état*, and that the Czar is devoted to domestic projects which would be ruined by war. One apprehension certainly is that, if he finds the difficulty of serf emancipation greater than he can cope with, he may be tempted to ride off from the project on a foreign war; but, in that case, the person who should attempt to bring him back to his special domestic duty is hardly a President of the United States, in the present condition of that Republic.

This brings me to the second reason why any mediation on the part of Mr. Buchanan is out of the question. He could not command the respectful attention of any European power. There may be an interchange of courtesies and complimentary language on occasions when he is regarded as the representative of the American nation, as on the opening of telegraphic communication, and the arrival of a new ambassador at Washington or in London; but, as soon as real business arises, and personal influence enters into the case, it will be found that Mr. Buchanan is altogether powerless, or worse. How is it possible that he should be listened to on any question of international rights and duties, or looked up to as an adviser on affairs of government, after what is known of him in Europe? The Ostend manifesto is not forgotten, coming as it did after Mr. Buchanan had given our ill-informed public men to understand that he was heartily anti-slavery in opinion. His policy of annexation has been universally reprobated in Europe; and also his countenance of "the Monroe doctrine"; and his playing fast and loose with Central American questions, and with filibusters, and with the slave trade, and with every party that offered a temptation in one hand and a menace in the other. How can a man do any good in European difficulties who cannot control the pirates of his own nation and territory?—the man who covets Cuba?—the man whose political history is bound up with that of Kansas?—the man whose constituents are at this moment carrying on a slave trade in the South, in defiance of law and contempt of the Constitution?—the man who stands before the world abandoned, humiliated, defeated, and who avenges himself by exposing the corruptions of your political state which were never known to afflict him before, and by prophesying ruin to his country? The stars and stripe no longer "despotism of the republic." Is not the one to not meddle right in other States. The ruler who cannot restrain his own outlaws, nor maintain the constitution and laws of the Republic, nor rise above being the agent of factions, nor acquiesce in the acquirement principles of international morality when his interest lies in brag and menace, can do nothing for virtue and peace in Europe. We may treat him with external respect, in conside

There we listened to the enchanting strains of Chopin, so touchingly interpreted by M. Franchomme, and the Princesse Czartoriska, one of Chopin's favorite pupils, or to Madame M. Scheffer's daughter, or to Scheffer himself, who was also a musician. All this is gone, never to return. Of the dear friends who made up this charming circle, the uniting head is severed; both Scheffer and his devoted wife are dead; Manin and the dear friend whose lovely face Scheffer was never weary of reproducing—they too are gone. Ulloa and Montanelli, poet and soldier, are both in Italy fighting for their country's freedom. The rest, Henri Martin, Pelletan, and many more, all are more or less widely scattered and dispersed, and of this once closely united group his brother Henri and his family alone remain. Ary Scheffer leaves a daughter, Madame M., who deeply appreciated and sympathized with her father, and a niece married to M. Renan, one of our most remarkable writers, and whose works I would gladly see translated, as I am sure they would be greatly admired and valued on your side of the Atlantic. Among the most remarkable are an Essay on Religious History and a collection of moral and critical essays. These last appeared first in the Revue des Deux Mondes, and contributed in no small degree to the popularity which the writings of Channing now enjoy in a section of Protestant France.

The book of M. Edmond About, from which I gave you some extracts last week, has been seized by the police, as I predicted, after a few days' publicity. This is another proof, if one were needed, of the constant duplicity of Louis Bonaparte. This book he ordered of About, giving him a canvas to work upon; paid for it and even condescended to read it in the proof-sheets; and when some of his familiars remonstrated, and told him what a bad effect it would produce, he replied, "No—for it shall be published at Brussels; it will only be allowed to appear during a week or so, and then we shall have it seized by the police." All this took place just as I tell you, only it was stopped a little sooner than the government intended; but not before an immense number had been sold, and even now it can be procured, only the booksellers take advantage of this, and require a high price for it—fifty francs. The occasion of its premature stoppage was a very violent article by Veuillot in the *Univers*, the organ of the clergy. The trial will take place in a few days, but no one anticipates a very severe condemnation for M. About. Of the above facts I am perfectly sure, as well as that Louis Bonaparte ordered for himself an edition of 20,000 copies, and his cousin has carried 10,000 to Tuscany with him. The effect this book has made on the mind of a large part of those who have read it enables one to see how strong and deep-rooted the respect for the Papacy and clergy still continues to be in France. The general feeling is one of disgust and disapprobation, mingled with annoyance and vexation, that such unpleasant facts should be so plainly stated.

The news from the seat of war begins to be more interesting. There has been a very hot and disputed affair, called in the French papers a victory, in which the final advantage rests with the French. It took place at Montebello, and the combat continued during six hours, the French all that time retreating before the Austrians, till at last reinforcements arrived and gave the day to the French. It is the first combat, but can hardly be called a victory. The French have lost 700 men, of whom were one general, two colonels and many other officers, which shows how severe an affair it was, and how strong the Austrians are. Their losses are *probably* about the same, but of this we know nothing, as the French papers sedulously diminish their own and increase the enemies' losses. Most of these details I obtained from private correspondence and foreign journals; but in spite of the care with which the story is weeded, in our own, the impression is general that the Austrians made a desperate defence, much better than had been expected, and that it will be no such easy matter to beat them. It is a positive fact, though not avowed or generally known here, that the French were taken by surprise, and were quite unprepared for this attack. The mere fact of their retreating during six hours before the enemy, until new troops came, would alone suffice to prove it. Meantime, Louis Bonaparte has taken a very important step, and, in the opinion of many, committed a grave fault, in sending his cousin Napoleon Bonaparte at the head of an army into Tuscany. It is, in fact, violating the treaty in which he promises to *localise* the scene of action to Lombardy and Piedmont. Germany and Prussia are arming at every point, and the patriotic enthusiasm is greater than ever. In a late speech before the Diet, M. de Schleinitz (Premier of Prussia) declares that in certain eventualities, i. e., the first violation of her treaties, Prussia would take up, with all her forces, and *far beyond* her federal obligations, the defence of the safety and independence of Germany. It is melancholy, in the midst of all these sinister possibilities, to witness the noble enthusiasm and patriotism of the Piedmontese and Sardinians, and to feel, as one cannot help doing, that it may, indeed probably must, be in vain. Even supposing Louis Bonaparte in good faith, which seems to me almost expecting a miracle, it seems hardly likely all Europe will stand quietly by and see the treaties violated, which, in case of success, they would inevitably be. And on the other hand, in case of defeat, the perspective is still more melancholy. I saw only yesterday a gentleman who has just arrived from Turin. He had been received by M. de Cavour and had thus had an opportunity of seeing intimately much of the society of Turin. He represents all classes as animated by one sentiment, the utmost harmony existing for the moment between all parties, all making common cause against the common enemy, and with the most perfect confidence of success. In all the salons the one occupation of the ladies is making lint and preparing bandages for the wounded, and the name of Louis Bonaparte is spoken with blessing and coupled with the words Liberty and Independence.

The King of Naples is dead.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

The Congregational General Association of Illinois, on motion of Rev. W. W. Patton of Chicago (late of Hartford, Ct.), lately voted that no young man should receive aid from the educational committee who is addicted to the use of tobacco.

The Webster Statue is not, after all, to be set up on the State House grounds, the "Committee of one hundred" having voted, in the face of Mr. Everett's eloquence, to seek some other place for it. Were they afraid that if it were set up in that place the people of Massachusetts would order its removal?

A vigorous attempt is making to remove Rev. Mr. Stone from the office of Superintendent of Schools in Rhode Island, on account of his Unitarianism. What a sin is heresy of doctrine in the eye of the popular Church! Mr. Stone might defend slavery from the Scriptures and abet kidnapping on the soil of Rhode Island without incurring opposition from "evangelical" bigots; but Unitarianism is something too vile to be endured!

The Young Men's Christian Association at Haverhill, Mass., in preparing for a Sabbath School celebration on the Fourth of July, invited the Unitarian and Universalist Sabbath Schools in common with those called evangelical, but so strong an opposition has been got up among the Orthodox Churches that the heretical schools have declined the invitation. Haverhill is a very pro-slavery place. The evangelical ministers there would no doubt be glad to welcome South-side Adams to their celebration.

The Yearly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress, held at Waterloo, Seneca County, on the 3d, 4th and 5th inst., was very largely attended, and the proceedings were of a very interesting and absorbing character. Much of the speaking was of a high order, Philip D. Moore of Newark, N. J., C. D. B. Mills of Syracuse, Frederick Douglass and Lucy N. Colman of Rochester, and George W. Taylor of Erie County, taking a prominent part. The proceedings will doubtless be published in pamphlet form.

We see by the papers that the Rev. Dr. Perkins, long a Missionary of the American Board in Persia, is now in this country. A few years since, he preached ("on heathen ground") a sermon on slavery and the complicity therewith of the American Church, which gave great offence to the evangelical Scribes and Pharisees of this country; but we have not heard of his saying anything upon the subject since his return, though we have seen frequent reports of his labors among the Churches. His relations with that gross imposture in the name of Christianity, the American Board, have not been sundered.

The Springfield *Republican* says it is "informed, on the best authority," that the address delivered by Miss Holley in the church, or rather in the vestry, of Rev. C. H. Malcom at Newport was not "a flaming Garrisonian discourse," but "modest, discreet and religious." Nevertheless the conservatism of Newport was aroused, not in opposition to what was said, but to allowing a woman to say anything in such a place and presence. We doubt if the *Republican* learned from the *best* authority *precisely* what it here asserts. We do not believe that Mr. Malcom has said or implied that Miss Holley's lecture was not "Garrisonian" because it was "modest, discreet and religious," though he might very properly affirm that it was not marked by the qualities which a lying pro-slavery press usually *calls* "Garrisonian."

The Sabbath School of the South Congregational Church, Pittsfield, Mass., at the suggestion of the pastor, Rev. Roswell Foster, has sent a donation to the relief of the Oberlin slave rescuers. A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* suggests that the Churches and Sabbath Schools of New England should generally follow this example, each sending a small sum, sufficient to express sympathy for their Oberlin brethren and abhorrence of the tyranny that oppresses them. These men are poor, with families dependent on their daily labor, and the fines and imprisonments, to which they have been subjected for fidelity to their Christian convictions, should be alleviated as far as possible by those who sympathize with them. Money sent to Prof. Morgan of Oberlin will be faithfully distributed.

The following letter has been transmitted to Theodore Parker:

To our well-beloved friend and fellow-laborer in the cause of Truth and Righteousness, THEODORE PARKER, the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends sendeth greeting:

As we are about to close our Seventh Annual Convocation, our hearts turn with loving tenderness to thee. We remember with gratitude how thy presence cheered us in former years, and how the words of truth that fell from thy lips were as sunlight and dew upon our hearts, enlightening our minds and quickening us to more earnest labor in the cause of humanity. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of sending to thee across the ocean a message of sympathy and affection, of heartfelt regret for the illness which has compelled thee to suspend thy public labors, and hope for thy speedy and complete recovery. The earnest prayer of our hearts is, that the voice which has so often blessed us may not long be silent, but be again lifted up with new power in behalf of Truth and Righteousness.

Signed on behalf and by direction of the Yearly Meeting, Sixth month 1st, 1859.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE,
ELIZABETH JACKSON,
OLIVER JOHNSON,
} Clerks.

The Pennsylvania Medical Society has exhibited a narrow-mindedness altogether disgraceful to its members by adopting a resolution recommending "the members of the regular profession to withhold from the faculties and graduates of Female Medical Colleges all countenance and support, and that they cannot consistently with sound *medical ethics* consult or hold professional intercourse with their professors or alumni." The Female Medical Colleges of Pennsylvania, it should be remembered, are strictly Allopathic; so we are forced to conclude that the objection to them is founded *solely* upon the fact that they afford the means of education to women. We echo the sentiment of the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch*: "Shame upon the men who, while prating about their respectability, would combine to rob women of the means of supporting themselves and their families. Such infinitesimal littleness cannot benefit them. The public are ever willing to aid the weak and support them against the strong. The war against women cannot be sustained by the public voice; it will recoil upon and injure those who are so arbitrary and selfish as to endeavor to interfere with them."

It was our privilege to spend the last Sunday at the pleasant home of our friend Aaron M. Powell, in Ghent, Columbia Co. He lives under the same roof with his parents, a sister and younger brother. Upon a part of the home farm he has entered quite extensively into the business of fruit-growing. He will this year pick a fine crop of Antwerp Raspberries, while his Grape-vines, Lawton Blackberry shoots and Apple and Pear trees give promise of extensive harvests at an early day. In the out-door occupation which this business affords, Mr. Powell has found a delightful remedy for the bodily weaknesses which impelled him to relinquish the work of an anti-slavery lecturer, in which, for some years past, he has rendered valuable service to the cause. Though no longer able to do the work of a "field hand" in that cause, he will serve it actively in the vicinity of his residence, where he is very highly esteemed, and by occasional lectures in more distant places. Even now he is engaged, by correspondence and otherwise, in an effort to flood the next Legislature of the Empire State with petitions for the enactment of a law for the protection of the fugitive slave. In this work, moreover, he has the active sympathy and aid of his sister, a graduate of the State Normal School, an excellent teacher and a warm-hearted Abolitionist. There is no more beautiful region in the whole Empire State than that in which they live. The Catskill mountains present, from this point, one of the grandest natural pictures we have ever seen.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. VI. Cough—Education. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This volume is crowded with interesting matter, pertaining to Science, Literature, Art, History, Biography, Politics, Law, Agriculture, Geography, etc., carefully collated and condensed, and thus made available for the purposes of every-day life. It is especially full upon topics of peculiar interest to Americans. Among the living celebrities of whom it contains sketches we may mention Samuel H. Cox, D.D., Victor Cousin, Christopher P. Cranch, J. J. Crittenden, George Cruikshank, Charlotte Cushman, George M. Dallas, Richard H. Dana, Richard H. Dana, Jr., Andrew Jackson Davis, W. L. Dayton, Orville Dewey, D.D., Dorothea L. Dix, Stephen Arnold Douglas, Frederick Douglass, Andrew Jackson Downing, Alexander Dumas, John W. Edmonds. Of the eminent dead, whose biography finds a place, we notice Miles Coverdale, William Cowper, George Crabbe, Thomas Cranmer, William H. Crawford, Oliver Cromwell, Paul Cuffee, John Philpot Curran, Cuvier (the Naturalist), Nathan Dane, Dante, Sir Humphry Davy, Demosthenes, Thomas De Quincy, Charles Dickens, John Dryden, Lorenzo Dow, Thomas Earle, Maria Edgeworth. Of the many articles which contain much curious and valuable information, we specify the following: Court, Cranberry, Creole, Creosote, Cricket, Crimea, Criminal Law, Crocodile, Crow, Crusader, Cuba, Cuneiform Inscriptions, Cutlery, Cyclopædia, Damascus Blades, Dancing, Deaf and Dumb, Deed, Deer, Deluge, Demon, Dentistry, Diamond, Dietetics, Digestion, Diving Bell, Divorce, Dock, Dog, Drainage, Drama, Drawing, Dream, Duel, Dyeing, Eagle, Earth, Earthquake, Edinburgh, Education.

THE ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNAL.

This is a monthly periodical, which has completed its first year with great credit and promise. It is thought, indeed, in England, to be among the remarkable facts of the day. It is conducted by women, and devoted to the discussion of those subjects which are of the deepest social interest; and the good sense and good taste of its management are its most striking characteristics.

Its object, the admission of women into the field of the world's practical work, is sought with dignity and firmness, as well as with tact and measure; and one has pleasure in commending so well-conducted a periodical of so much literary merit, not to women alone, as a matter of *esprit du corps*, but to mankind in general, for the better understanding of things equally interesting to the human race.

The terms of subscription at the London office are 12 shillings per annum. The table of contents of the number for March (the only one that happens now to be before us) will give some idea of the scope and purpose of this periodical.

I. Training of Female Servants.
II. Margaret of Norway.
III. Liverpool Institution for the Training and Employment of Nurses.
IV. The Old Chateau (a poem).
V. Still Life.
VI. How to Utilize the Powers of Woman.
VII. Fashion versus Health.
VIII. Ladies' Institute.
IX. Third Annual Exhibition of the Society of Female Artists.
X. Notes of Books.
XI. Open Council (Letters to the Editors).
XII. Passing Events (political and personal).

From a previous number is extracted the following poem, which, better than any table of contents, exhibits the idea of this goodly company of Englishwomen. It deserves to be called the Moral Lesson of the Age, conveyed in a succession of inimitable verses as clear as panel-pictures.

Every reader may not at the first glance discern the important thought conveyed in so touching and picturesque a manner, but few will fail to acknowledge the beauty and effect of the picture. The lonely North British country house kept by women, of which the peacock, the avenue and the protected hare mark the social degree—the summer stillness of the hills, the pool over which no breeze stirs the sickening alders—the paucity of occupation from age to age, the doom of dignified and beautiful women of the blood for which court and camp are none too wide a field—the sin, shame, sickness and sorrow growing from such divided family life, under which love is extinguished and marriage miserable—all show the curse of making more difference than nature makes between man and woman.

A single word in the poem breaks its spell:

"*His dangers and his toils I share!*"

Now listen to the melody of this "tale of Leithen, Tweed and Quair." Isa Craig, the author, wrote also the prize poem of the Burns centenary. She and many others of her co-workers are of those Englishwomen whose heritage of freedom gives them the key of the world, and bids them sympathize with the American Anti-Slavery Society.

THE BALLAD OF THE BRIDES OF QUAIR.

BY ISA CRAIG.

A stillness crept about the house,
At even' fall, in noontide glare:
Upon the silent hills locked forth
The many-windowed house of Quair.

The peacock on the terrace screamed,
Browsed on the lawn the timid hare,
The great trees grew i' the avenue,
Calm by the sheltered house of Quair.

The pool was full: around its brim
The alders sickened all the air;
There came no murmur from the streams,
Though nigh flowed Leithen, Tweed and Quair.

The days hold on their wonted pace,
And men to court and camp repair,
Their part to fill, of good or ill,
While women keep the house of Quair.

And one is clad in widow's weeds,
And one is maiden-like and fair,
And day by day they seek the paths
About the lonely fields of Quair.

To see the trout leap in the streams,
The summer clouds reflected there,
The maiden loves in happy dreams
To hang o'er silver Tweed and Quair.

Or oft in pall-black velvet clad,
Sat stately in the oaken chair,
Like many a dame of her ancient name,
The Mother of the House of Quair.

Her daughter broidered by her side,
With heavy drooping golden hair,
And listened to her frequent plaint—
"Ill fare the brides that come to Quair."

"For more than one hath lived in pine,
And more than one hath died of care,
And more than one hath sorely sinned,
Left lonely in the House of Quair."

"Alas! and ere thy father died
I had not in his heart a share,
And now—may God forfend her ill—
Thy brother brings his Bride to Quair!"

She came: they kissed her in the hall,
They kissed her on the winding stair,
They led her to her chamber high,
The fairest in the house of Quair.

They bade her from the window look,
And mark the scene how passing fair,
Among whose ways the quiet days
Would linger o'er the Wife of Quair.

"'Tis fair," she said on looking forth,
"But what although 'twere bleak and bare—"
She looked the love she did not speak,
And broke the ancient curse on Quair.

"Where'er he dwells, where'er he goes,
His dangers and his toils I share."
What need be said?—she was not one
Of the ill-fated Brides of Quair!

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 786, contains a biographical sketch (with portrait) of the celebrated Scotch violinist, Neil Gow, who died nearly half a century since; "From First to Last," a capital story from *Household Words*; Review (from the *North British*) of "Masson's Milton and his Times"; several fresh chapters of "Town and Forest," etc. Boston: Littell, Son & Co.

APPEAL OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN AID ASSOCIATION FOR HELP.

To The Benevolent and the Public.

THIS Association has now been in existence about a year and eight months. If it has accomplished little, that little seems much when the means it has had at command are considered. These have been chiefly the zeal and efforts of a few individuals, sustained mostly from their own resources. Still, our cause has prospered. Several other Associations, outgrowths of this, have been established in different States, the most recent one of which is that formed under most favorable auspices in a sister city, called "The Philadelphia Association for the Protection and Education of the Indian Tribes." In addition to this, the public journals, at first so lukewarm, because they considered our cause a hopeless one, are coming into the work, particularly the press, both secular and religious, of New York, Philadelphia and Washington; influential persons in various parts of the Union, including eminent statesmen, have pledged us their coöperation; and the existence of our institution and its objects are becoming known in the remotest settlements, and the various Indian Agents and border whites are becoming aware that the public eye is on them, and that their treatment of the Indians is liable to come for judgment before the American people.

The first aim of this Association is to bring a moral influence to bear on the country—its government, its agents, our borderers and border settlements—which shall compel a respect for the rights and *life* of the Indian. Does any one doubt that such a work is needed, as much as any other charity at home or abroad for which money is spent, as much as that the starving man should be fed, or that the woman beset by ruffians in our streets should be defended? God help us to understand. Let us consider, *calmly*, if we can.

The California news published in the morning papers of May 16 contains the following items of intelligence:

"The Indian war in Humboldt County has been finished, at a cost to the State of $35,000.

"*The Petaluma Journal* says more than 300 Indians, mainly males, have been killed within the past month by the white settlers in Round Valley, Mendocino County. *The Tehama Gazette*, speaking about Indian troubles on the eastern border of Sacramento Valley, says:

"'A new plan has been adopted by our neighbors opposite Tehama, to chastise the Indians for their many depredations during the past winter. Some men are hired to hunt them, who are recompensed by receiving so much for each scalp, or some other satisfactory evidence that they have been killed. The money has been made up by subscription.'

"There will be very little need of Indian reservations in California in 1863."

This last paragraph can mean nothing else than that, according to the expectations of the writer, all the native inhabitants of California will be exterminated in some five or six years. More than 300 Indians, mainly males, killed in one locality in a single month!—possibly a majority of the fathers, husbands and brothers of a tribe. And in another locality they are hiring men to hunt the natives like wild beasts, for so much a *scalp!* It does not appear that Government, State or National, has anything to do with this. It is "our neighbors" who are doing it, and the bounty is "made up by subscription."

Later advices from Round Valley—arrival of May 20—furnished by the same *Tehama Gazette*, estimate the slaughter of Indians within the three weeks last past at nearly 400, including "bucks," women and children.

Nor are these atrocities confined to the Pacific side of our country. The city papers of May 19 contain the following paragraph:

"Austin (Texas) advices to the 11th inst. state that Capt. Bayer entered the Upper Reserve on the 3d, with 50 men, and killed 15 Indians and fled. A party of dragoons and Indians were pursuing him. There was great excitement, and the Indians in the Lower Reserve had left their farms for Capt. Rio's encampment."

Here, it appears, the United States troops interfered for the preservation of the Indians; and went in pursuit of Capt. Bayer, who is probably the leader of some volunteer company raised among "our neighbors." This Association begs to assure the public that these barbarities, these wholesale murders, often perpetrated on the innocent and inoffensive, are *not exceptions*, but are fair specimens of what is constantly occurring on our extensive frontiers, both east and west of the Rocky Mountains; and that every day's delay in making the public voice heard is a day of peril to the Indian and of mourning to all good people.

Our Government is not wilfully vicious in its treatment of the Indians; but where there is no public voice to sustain it in the defence of this oppressed race, it is naturally overborne by the clamor of the selfish and avaricious, intent on making plunder of the Indians' lands. When New Mexico was annexed to the United States, the Navajoes within its borders were a comparatively civilized and flourishing people. They lived in villages, wore blankets, raised wheat, corn and other vegetables, and had extensive flocks and herds. What is their condition to-day? Recent accounts state that they are broken up, scattered, and dying by scores of famine. Last fall, under various pretexts growing out of a claim to some portion of their lands—a claim originating in a sale made by some chief, which the people refused to ratify—this tribe was attacked by our troops, their villages burned, their crops destroyed, their country devastated, and large numbers of them massacred or dispersed. We have seen it stated in the public prints that 1,000 horses, 20,000 sheep and 500 head of cattle belonging to these poor people were either driven away by our troops or slaughtered on the ground because they could not drive them away; and that the little children, too small to escape, were made a subject of trade and barter by our people, sometimes bringing $100 apiece!

Is there, then, not a need of such a Society as ours, to call attention to these enormities, and to labor for their suppression? Who can answer "No"? And, on the other hand, who will answer "Yes," and respond to this appeal with material aid? We have appealed to the churches, but they are occupied with other benevolent and worthy objects, and have failed fully to appreciate the importance of this. Besides, some of them are a little jealous of us. They fear we shall interfere in some manner with their missionary work among the Indians. Not at all, except for their advantage, in producing a state of things, by shutting away the whiskey-dealer and the ruffian, who counteract and overawe the missionary by their presence and their threats, which will enable them to make their labors efficient. With our objects, it is needful that we occupy a ground on which all sects and parties can unite; but we war on none, and desire to coöperate with all. In order to success we must move the nation, especially the humane and religious portion of it, who hold the moral destiny of the country in their hands.

Shall we then have help? A few of the clergymen of New York have preached to their congregations on the subject of the wrongs of the Indians, and taken up collections for our benefit. We thank them for it. A few persons have also given us donations. Will others, ministers and citizens, here or in other places, follow the example? The efficiency of our labors will be in proportion to our means. If small, we can print little, and make our voices but faintly heard; and the process of arousing and combining public sentiment, by the establishment of branch associations through our large country, will go on but slowly; and the barbarities on our frontiers, of which we complain, must be left to a correspondingly gradual suppression. But with means at our disposal commensurate with the importance of the object, and the blessing of the Father, who cannot delight in the butchery of his Red Children, we feel assured of the early accomplishment of our first aim—the cessation of bloodshed on our frontiers—with the rich promise in the future of securing the remnants of the aboriginal tribes from extermination; of inaugurating the reign of Peace and Good-will between them and the whites; and gradually, with the aid of other helpers, of introducing them into the higher blessings and enjoyments of a Christian civilization.

By order of the Board,
MYRON H. CLARK, President.
J. R. OGDEN, Secretary.
Office of the Indian Aid Association, No 55 Broadway, New York, May 24, 1859.

Summary.

The Rev. Mr. Stowe and Mrs. H. B. Stowe will sail for Europe in August, on a visit to two of their daughters, who are at school in Paris.

DEATH OF A SLAVE.—Mercy Jackson, an aged colored woman, died at Newark on Wednesday last. She was the only slave in the State of New Jersey.

Henry Ward Beecher has purchased a part of the estate formerly known as the Trowbridge farm, situated about a mile from Peekskill, on the road leading towards Lakes Mohegan and Mahopac.

SLAVER ABANDONED AND CAPTURED.—*Charleston, June 7.*—The Coast Survey steamer Walker has arrived from Key West, 4th inst. She reports that the bark J. W. Cobb had towed into Havana a New York schooner, which she picked up scuttled and abandoned off Matanzas. She had landed negroes.

WOMAN AS A FARMER.—We learn from a Southern paper that the most extensive plantation in Louisiana is managed by a woman—Mrs. A. E. Flint. During the last year she raised 1,800 hogsheads of molasses and 400 bales of cotton—the largest crop produced on any plantation in that State.

A STREAM OF SCOTCH-IRISH.—There is a stream of Scotch-Irish beginning in Pennsylvania, running through Western Virginia and the two Carolinas down into Texas. Wherever you strike this stream you will find virtue, intelligence, and many things that are fair and lovely, and of good report among men.—*Presbyterian Herald.*

MASTER SWINDLED BY HIS SLAVE.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* states that a negro slave, placed by his master in Northcutt's jail, in Lexington, Ky., for sale, last week, made a deliberate attempt to swindle his master by cutting off his own fingers, with a view to delay or prevent his sale. A few days after, he further swindled his master by taking the lock-jaw and dying.

Horace Greeley made a speech to a mass meeting of citizens attending the Republican Convention at Osawatamie, Kansas, on the 18th of May. On his return from the Convention, he was met two miles south of Lawrence by the authorities of the latter city, and a cavalcade, each horseman wearing in his hat-band a copy of the New York *Tribune* neatly folded.

STILL MORE AFRICANS.—The Tampa (Fla.) *Peninsula* of May 21 says:

Madame Rumor tells us strange stories about a cargo of slaves being landed somewhere on the Florida coast. We don't vouch for the truth of this report, but would not be surprised to have it confirmed in a few days.

The Trustees of the New England Female Medical College have completed negotiations with the City Government of Boston for the purchase of the Hospital estate on Spring street, at the price of $50 000. The land consists of a square of over 40,000 feet, lying between Springfield and Worcester streets, fronting on both, and in one of the finest sections of the city. By a vote of the Trustees the grounds about the building have been named College square.

FREE NEGROES IN VIRGINIA.—A writer in the Richmond *Dispatch* takes a more sensible view than usually prevails in that region on the question of labor. This writer says that there is a scarcity of labor in Richmond, that the productive interests are suffering from this deficiency, and that white labor, although the best, cheapest and most profitable, is not to be obtained. He advises, therefore, that the laws be so modified as to invite to the city the free negroes, who are now repelled, and to employ them.

NEGRO COLONIZATION IN IOWA.—A paper published in Xenia, Ohio, announces that Dr. J. S. Prescott, formerly of that place, is engaged in a movement to establish colonies of free colored persons in the Counties of Dickinson, O'Brien, Osceola and Cherokee, in Iowa, and that meetings have been held in Washington, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and other cities, to aid the enterprise. Whereupon the Democratic organs in Dubuque become bitterly wrathy, and go into hysterics.

REOPENING OF THE SLAVE TRADE.—At a recent meeting of the Black Oak (S. C.) Agricultural Society, resolutions were adopted requesting the Legislature of South Carolina "to take such steps as will induce a change of the unconstitutional and iniquitous law of the United States forbidding the introduction of the negro from Africa into the Southern States." The preamble is, in substance, that the South is in great need of negro labor, and that the planter is the best missionary to the African.

The *Evening Post* tells a story of a Yankee in Arkansas, whose wife, a few weeks after marriage, became the mother of a quadroon. The husband went at once to a lawyer for counsel. "It is a plain case," said the attorney; "we will make out the papers at once, and obtain you a divorce." "That isn't what I am after," said the Yankee; "I want to know who is to own the nigger."

The Charleston *Mercury* says it is "a piece of downright audacity to say the Black Republican party looks to the overthrow of this Union." It adds:

"Disunion would be fatal in every point of view to Black Republicanism. They know it well, and would seek to prevent it, if they had the power and could succeed, even at the point of the sword. It is the strongest Union party in the country, not only from policy and the dictates of self-preservation, but by the principles of consolidation which they entertain."

The New York *News* is of the opinion that Daniel S. Dickinson will be gratefully remembered "when your Seward and all other tricksters are dead and forgotten." An admirable critic, who reviewed Pollock's Course of Time, when that poem was the rage, declared that the author would be remembered when Byron and Moore were forgotten. "Yes," was the answer, "but *not till* then."—*Prov. Journal.*

Mr. George Sumner, brother of Senator Sumner, has been selected by the city authorities of Boston to deliver the oration at the forthcoming anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. *The Courier*, in alluding to the fact, says:

"We believe it is fifty-one years ago this year since Mr. Sumner's father, the late Sheriff Sumner, delivered a Fourth of July oration before the Republican Association of Boston."

AN ABOLITIONIST TARRED AND FEATHERED.—The Savannah *Republican* says: "Phillip McNulty, a travelling agent for a patent bedstead, hailing from Ohio, was detected, last week in an attempt to decoy certain slaves of Covington to a free State. The citizens of that place rid themselves of the scamp by shearing his locks, applying a thick coat of printer's ink to his person, and then riding him on a rail to the depot, where he was allowed to depart. Served him exactly right, only a good cowhiding might have justly been added."

SUPPOSED KIDNAPPING.—A lame white man, whose name is not remembered, is supposed to have enticed from this city, to take South and sell as slaves, five young colored boys, one of whom is the son of Wm. Jones, the city scavenger. The boys and the man disappeared at the same time, and, as they had been together a good deal, the parents and relatives of the former are in quite an excited state, though the officers who are acting in the matter are inclined to think the parties are in Buffalo, where they have gone for some purpose known only to themselves.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

HOWELL COBB'S SLAVES IN LUCK.—Mr. Secretary Cobb's negroes are in a better financial condition than the Treasury over which he presides. The Macon (Ga.) *State Press* says:

"We have been informed by our worthy Mayor, O. G. Sparks, Esq., of the firm of Hardeman & Sparks of this city, that he has sold the crop of cotton belonging to the negroes of Col. John B. Lamar and the Hon. Howell Cobb, to James Rea, for $3,969 61. This is all clear money to them, and we are likewise informed that the same negroes sell sugar cane, sirup, chickens and eggs, which amount to at least one-half as much more."

COST OF A NEGRO CAUSE TO THE GOVERNMENT.—The following statement of the costs of the prosecutions in the United States District Court at Cleveland is derived from the Clerk, Mr. Green:

	Langston.	Bushnell.
Clerk	$32 10	$47 80
Marshal	30 40	107 28
Plaintiff's witnesses	559 10	445 30
Defendants' witnesses	131 10	161 20
Docket	20 00	20 00
	$872 70	$781 58

This will probably be about the cost of the other prosecutions—about thirty. The average is $827 14 each. The aggregate will be about $24,000—all for one negro. Who can deny that the negro governs this country?—*Columbus Journ.*

GREAT STAMPEDE OF SLAVES.—We learn from reliable authority that *seventy fugitive slaves* arrived in Canada by one train, from the interior of Tennessee. This is probably the largest number that ever escaped in one company. But a week before a company of twelve arrived and are now at the depot near Malden. Nearly the same time one of seven, and another of five, safely landed on the free soil of Canada, making ninety-four in all, worth, at the present market price, the handsome sum of $94,000! The Underground Railroad was never before doing so flourishing a business. At the rate these ungrateful fellows are stealing themselves, the market must be seriously affected, unless kept supplied direct from Africa.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

HOW A HUNKER IS MADE.—Wendell Phillips, in a recent address, described the mode of making a hunker in politics. He likened it to an operation he had once witnessed in an aquarium. The confirmed hunker is at first tender and susceptible to light, like the jelly fish, sporting on the surface of the water, and enjoying the liquid beams of the sun. The fish floats about till it adheres to something, a rock or a vessel's side, and then it begins to discharge its members, a leg, an eye, and finally its head. The last stage of the metamorphosis which the fish undergoes is its hardening into a barnacle. In that form it clings through life to the substance to which it has attached itself. The hunkerized individual, in a similar manner, never lets go his hold of the copper bottom of the ship of State.

ARREST OF A FREE NEGRO ON SUSPICION OF BEING A FUGITIVE.—A negro who formerly worked for Mr. Dickerman, in this county, and used to play the banjo for the amusement of men and boys, recently started for Pike's Peak, in the employment of Mr. Aaron Daniels, who lived in the town of Rutland, and it appears that on his passage up the Missouri, he was nabbed and put in jail at St. Joseph on the presumption that he is a runaway slave; and unless he is redeemed by his friends or claimed by an owner, he is soon to be sold for jail fees. Mr. Dickerman has received a letter from St. Joseph stating the case, and we learn that steps will be taken by those who knew the negro here to effect his liberation. Glorious country, this!—*Ottawa Republican.*

A NEGRO ACTING AS PASTOR FOR WHITE PEOPLE.—On Lynn Creek, Giles County, Tennessee, there is a Hardshell Baptist Church, supported by a number of wealthy communicants, who for several years past have had for their regular pastor a negro named George—known as "Bentley's old George," and belonging to one Matthew Bentley. George is said to be a most excellent man and a good preacher. Some time ago he had a noted public discussion, lasting four days, with a white preacher, on the subject of Baptism, from which the white man is said to have come off "second best." The church wants to buy George, but he is unwilling to be sold out of his master's family, and, is withal, a regular pro-slavery parson. George is the "preacher in charge" of a large congregation, nearly all of whom are slaveholders, and who pay him a salary of $600 or $700 for his pastoral service.

NATURALIZATION FOR NORTHERNERS.—The anti-slavery men, who have been beguiled by Know-Nothingism into placing naturalized citizens under extraordinary disabilities, will perhaps be interested to know that a new application of their ides is proposed at the South. The New Orleans *Crescent* and some other Southern papers advocate the adoption of a provision by the Southern States requiring a residence of twenty-one years by a man born in a free State before he shall be allowed to vote. Anti Slavery Know-Nothings did not expect their own poisoned chalice to be commended to their lips in this style, but how can they complain? The fact of Northern birth is quite as conclusive as to hostility to the Southern institution as foreign birth is of hostility to native institutions. The object of this new proposition to Northern naturalization is to defeat the influence of such Northern settlements in slave States as that of Eli Thayer at Ceredo, Va.

THE WAY CONGO NEGROES SELL.—The Memphis *Avalanche* says:

"Three of the six native Africans brought here a few days since were sold yesterday at the mart of Mr. West, and brought, respectively, $750, $740 and $515. The latter sum was paid for a boy about fifteen years old, who seemed to possess more intelligence than any of the others. These negroes are a part of the cargo of the yacht Wanderer, landed some months since."

This cool announcement disposes of the report that no market for recent importations of negroes could be found. They seem to be in demand, and to sell at fair prices. Mr. Buchanan gives his personal attention to trials of citizens for violating the Fugitive Slave law, but has no information regarding the slave trade opened between the coast of Africa and the South. Federal officers in the South do not keep him posted up with private despatches.—*Cin. Com.*

TOBACCO.—A Committee of the New Hampshire Methodist Conference reported a resolution to this effect: "That no person shall hereafter be admitted to this Conference who uses 'the weed.'" A spirited and amusing discussion followed; some considering the resolution "too fast," others that the Conference was too slow in these matters of reform. Some light was thrown on the matter that may be of use to those who find themselves in some place with a "chew" in their mouth, but no chance to spit. One brother told us he used to spit in his shoe, or in his hand, and put it in his pocket, or do it up in his handkerchief. Another would salivate his "cud" and, with a horrible gulp, rebelling stomach, and starting eyeballs, down with it. The Bishop could not see how such anti-slavery men as he found in this Conference could consistently feast and regale themselves on the products of slave labor. The resolution passed by a rising vote.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The Navy Department have received voluminous despatches from the coast of Africa, dated Porto Praya, April 15. The Commander of the frigate Cumberland gives a graphic account of the *modus operandi* of stealing and running off slaves, as carried on by yachts, schooners and regular trading vessels. The traffic during the last year, he says, has been greatly on the increase, notwithstanding the unceasing vigilance of not only the American squadron, but also of the English and Spanish men-of-war in those waters. All kinds of expedients are resorted to by persons engaged in the traffic to avoid detection. He thinks that if the Department would employ a smaller class of vessels, capable of running into the small rivers and bays, so as to intercept the slavers, they would be more successful in these voyages, and the traffic would be greatly abated. We have heard this suggestion before, many times; but when will the Department act upon it?

A FORMER CITIZEN OF SALEM (OHIO) KIDNAPPED.—We clip the following from the Cincinnati *Gazette*: "On Sunday morning a negro, named Edmund Day, was found on boar the steamboat Glendale, lying at the wharf, and the mate of the vessel, assisted by two other persons, seized him under the pretence that he was a runaway slave. They first tied his hands behind him, then put a rope in his mouth to prevent his making an outcry, and throwing him into a skiff, conveyed him across the river and placed him in the jail at Covington. The negro asserts that he was thrust into the bottom of the boat, and that one of the men placed his knee upon his person, and choked him severely. At any rate he is now scarcely able to speak above a whisper. He remained in the Covington jail until yesterday afternoon, when officer Colby brought him across the river to answer a charge pending against him in the Police Court, and upon which he had given bail for his appearance to-morrow. Day is undoubtedly a free negro, having been born in Salem, Ohio. His father resides in Ravenna. If this statement of the circumstances be reliable—and we see no reason to doubt their accuracy—the men who participated in

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE AFRICAN'S VOYAGE.

O'er the dark blue sea our vessel sailed,
And the waters washed her o'er,
And the winds blew cold, as the waters roll'd,
Far from my native shore.

A goodly ship, with a savage crew,
Had sailed o'er the middle main;
Three hundred souls, in numbers told,
Had filled her decks again.

Down in the hold, with sullen brows,
Down in the hatches tight,
Fathers groaning, mothers moaning,
All must pass the night.

Morning comes, and down the gangway
Steps the Captain, dark and fierce;
The whip is flying, men are dying,
Death will every bosom pierce.

Up! you rascals! Quick! I tell you,
Shake your legs, and stretch your arms;
With fetters binding, shackles grinding,
They lift their outstretched palms.

Now on the deck the doleful sound
Of fife and drum is heard.
With measured tread, and aching head,
They stain the deck with blood.

Twelve days did we, three hundred souls,
Sail o'er the hoary sea;
The billows rolling, dirges tolling,
For the death of Liberty!

The thirteenth day was well nigh gone,
When, o'er the raging wave,
The distant shore I saw once more,
The land of Freedom's grave.

That night the mother clasped her child
Yet closer to her breast;
The father took one long, last look
On all that he loved best.

For, e'er the morrow's rising sun
Should o'er the waters shine,
Three hundred souls, in numbers told,
Beneath the lash should pine!

J. H. M.

LETTERS FROM REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

Correspondence of The Syracuse Standard.

ROME, April 25, 1859.

DEAR FRIENDS: I am in the predicament of the greedy little boy who eagerly thrust his hand into a jar of delicious sweetmeats, and grabbed so many that he was unable to get his handful out through the narrow neck. Ever since I came here, I have been accumulating materials for letters to you. These I have been arranging, as it were, into pictures of Modern Rome, Ancient Rome, The City of the Dead, The Home of the Fine Arts, and The Capital of the Papal Hierarchy. Such are the aspects in which Rome presents itself. In these it ought to be contemplated. But my interest in them has so continually increased, and so many more particulars under each have presented themselves for consideration than I expected, that the last week has been more full of sight-seeing than any one since we came here; and I find myself, on this the last day of our visit to the Eternal City, without a page of a letter written.

And now, what can I do for your gratification, in an hour or two this morning, before I go to breakfast with one friend, and then to say goodbye to a dozen more, who have contributed much to our happiness here, and afterwards take a last look at some of the grand ruins which tell us how magnificent ancient Rome was, and at some of the palaces, and galleries of art, and churches—St. Peter's especially—which make modern Rome the most attractive city in the world? I cannot give you even a catalogue of the objects of interest in this city. But a very brief and general account of our visit here will serve to satisfy you that we have not been idle a moment; that I must have been so busy every day as to be very tired every night; and to raise the reasonable expectation that I must have gathered, in the course of seven weeks, an amount and variety of information about Rome and its hierarchy, that will be made useful and entertaining to you after my return.

We arrived here on the afternoon of the 5th of March. It was in the midst of the Carnival, which occupies seven days, and we found the city given up to fun and frolic. I hope you have, ere this, had a full description of it. The Carnival is undoubtedly the offspring of the old Roman Saturnalia, and is one of the many evidences we meet with here that not a few of the customs of Roman society and the ceremonies of the Papal Church have descended from their heathen predecessors.

The next day being Sunday, the frolicksome rested from their labors, to resume them again on the morrow, with redoubled activity.

Soon after breakfast, we rode to St. Peter's and spent hours in surveying its almost countless objects of interest, and the quiet worship of a small number of persons before the High Altar and in several of its chapels. As of Niagara Falls, the first view of this stupendous object disappointed me. It looked smaller than I expected. But on entering the church, I was oppressed by its magnitude and splendor. The longer I looked, the more magnificent it seemed. Since then I have visited it several times every week. I have walked up and down its grand nave and aisle. I have seen thousands of people walking about them, and yet room enough for as many more. I have seen long, gorgeous processions, escorted and guarded by a regiment of soldiers, march in and out, with a multitude on either side of them, and yet St. Peter's was not full. I have climbed to its roof and walked about there, as it were, upon an ample field. I have ascended far higher, to the base and then to the top of its dome, and looked over the railings of the galleries, around the inside, down upon the pavement of the church, and seen men as flies walking there. Yet more: I have crept up the winding stairs into the cupola upon the dome, and thence by a ladder into the copper ball, that is *four hundred and thirty-eight feet* from the base of this stupendous pile. No longer does St. Peter's seem smaller than I expected. I have learned to appreciate its vast dimensions, which its perfect symmetry at first sight concealed. Then I descended into its crypt, and surveyed its massive sub-structure, and walked, as it appeared to me, a mile among the tombs of popes, and cardinals, and kings, and bishops, and priests, that lie buried there. Let me tell you, my friends, the foundations of that building, as of the hierarchy which centres in it, are very long, very broad, very deep, very strong, and intricate withal.

Connected with St. Peter's is the Vatican—an irregular and unsightly pile, said to contain more than a thousand apartments. The Pope's palace is there, and two chapels, each larger than our church, and several halls of audience, and six large rooms containing hundreds of thousands of books and manuscripts, locked up, so that they cannot do anybody any harm or any good; and galleries of paintings, and statuary, and sculpture, and sarcophagi, and cinerary urns, and chests, and monumental inscriptions, gathered from the old Roman tombs and from the catacombs. A detailed account of what I have seen in the Vatican alone would fill all the columns of several numbers of the *Standard*.

But besides St. Peter's, there are more than three hundred churches in Rome, many of them exceedingly large and costly, containing many pictures and statues of great celebrity, and relics that are accounted by the Catholics more precious than diamonds. One day last week, I saw what they believe to be the very table at which Jesus ate the Last Supper with his disciples, and the curb of the well near Sichar, where he conversed with the Samaritan woman, and a pillar from the Temple of Jerusalem, that was split from top to bottom at the moment when the Savior "gave up the ghost." Last evening, at St. Peter's, were exhibited (but so far off that nobody could see them) what was called a piece of the very cross on which Jesus was crucified, the spear with which the Centurion pierced his side, and a true likeness of his countenance which he left upon the handkerchief or napkin which Veronica—a benevoleat woman—gave him on his way to Calvary. And on Saturday I was shown in another church a great many relics of martyrs and saints.

We have been here at the very time of the year when most is to be seen of the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church; and we have improved our opportunities. I have witnessed the most pompous and gorgeous parades. No description could give you an adequate idea of them. On Ash Wednesday, I succeeded in getting into the *Cistine Chapel;* and there, after standing nearly two hours, I saw eighteen or twenty cardinals, splendidly dressed, come in through a file of soldiers, each one of them followed by two attendants bearing his long purple silk train, who held it while he knelt for a minute in the attitude of prayer, and then accompanied him to his seat and adjusted his robes for him, and sat down at his feet. When all the cardinals had thus paraded into their places, his Holiness, the Pope, came in with a large escort of military men and ecclesiastics of various orders. He had six attendants to hold his train, and take off and put on his mitre, and adjust his robes, when he knelt in prayer, and when he rose up, and when he sat down. So soon as he had got settled on his throne, the officiating priests read some portions and the choir chanted other portions of the service for the day. When that was over, the cardinals arose, each one in his order, and, having been divested by their servants of one splendid robe and clothed again with another, they walked to the feet of the Pope, and, humbly kneeling there, his Holiness put upon their heads a sprinkling of ashes, made upon it the sign of a cross, and gave them his blessing. Then they arose, kissed reverently his *hand*, and went back to their seats When all the cardinals had gone through this ceremony, countless bishops, monsignores and other ecclesiastics, and then the ministers and other diplomatic servants of foreign courts (who were Roman Catholics), and after them numbers generals and other military men went up, in like manner, and kneeled to the Pope and received the ashes upon their heads, with the sign of the cross and the benediction of his Holiness, and then bowed themselves yet lower and *kissed his foot*. This I actually saw more than a hundred men do.

The following Friday, we were summoned by the trumpet of common report to be at St. Peter's by 12 o'clock, to witness the Pope at his prayers. We were there, of course. And we found there a large company of soldiers, keeping open a passage way from the front door of the church to one of the chapels on the right side, where it seemed his Holiness had appointed to pray. At the appointed hour the huge doors of St. Peter's were thrown open, and in came a military guard, and after them a retinue of ecclesiastics, and then the Pope, followed by a long train of cardinals and bishops. Arrived at the cushion placed for his accommodation at the door of the chapel, one of his six special attendants took off his mitre; another received it in charge; three or four others adjusted his robes, and his Holiness knelt. At the same moment cardinals, bishops, the military guard, and all true Catholics in the church, fell upon their knees, and there was silence for ten minutes. It was an imposing spectacle. But I could not see in it anything better than an *imposing spectacle*.

At the expiration of ten minutes, the Pope arose from his knees. The attendant who had taken charge of his mitre handed it back to the one by whom it was given to him, and he replaced it upon the head of his Holiness. The other attendants then took up his train, and the Pope, preceded and followed as before, walked reverently to the bronze statue of St. Peter (once a statue of the heathen god Jupiter) and impressed a kiss upon the great toe of its right foot, which, by the by, had just been most assiduously wiped by one of the attendants. He then went on to a cushion, in front of the High Altar, and, his mitre having been taken off as before, and his robes adjusted by those appointed to that pious office, he and all his retinue knelt again; and again there was silence for the space of ten or fifteen minutes. At the conclusion of this ceremony, he arose, his mitre was put upon his head, his train was taken up by the officials of his person, and he went back to his palace as he had come from it. Comment is unnecessary. Let me only say, the scene reminded me of those in our Savior's day who loved to pray at the corners of the streets, and in the market places, to be seen of men.

The following Friday I witnessed a ceremony of a different sort. It was enacted in one of the churches in the centre of the city. His Holiness came thither in great pomp, in a splendid coach drawn by six black horses, with a postillion, dressed in red satin, on one of the leaders, and the others driven by a coachman in similar costume, and three footmen, likewise dressed, riding behind. The Pope's carriage was followed by ten or twelve cardinals, whose equipages and liveried servants were almost as splendid; and then by other high officials in church and state, and generals of the French and of the Italian armies; the whole escorted by the Pope's *Guard of Nobles* and a large body of cavalry, elegantly mounted. Arrived at the church, his Holiness was taken, in a gorgeous chair upon a platform covered with the richest velvet, upon the shoulders of twelve men, elegantly dressed, under a silken canopy borne by eight other gentlemen, and on either side one bearing on a long handle an immense fan of white feathers. Thus supported, and followed by his cardinals and bishops on foot, the Pope was carried up and down the aisles of the church, and then placed upon a throne near the High Altar. Here he attended *Mass*. After that, fifteen or twenty girls—eighteen or twenty years of age—dressed alike in virgin white, were conducted to his feet. There, upon their knees, they received his benediction and each a present of money, called a dowry or marriage portion. The Pope was then taken upon the shoulders of men, in the same manner as before, carried up and down the church again; and so being conducted to his carriage, he returned to his palace, with the same escort and retinue with which he had come to the church. Of course all this that I have attempted to describe was a splendid pageant; but I could not see anything Christian in it.

The parade on Palm Sunday in St. Peter's Church was much more showy; but I have not time now to describe it.

On Holy Thursday, the day before Good Friday, were played what I must be allowed to call the Farce of Humanity and the Farce of Hospitality; the former in the Chapel of St. Peter's on the right of the High Altar, and the latter in the hall over the vestibule of the church. All possible accommodations, in the way of seats, had been prepared, so as to enable as many as possible to see what great humility the Pope and cardinals could practice.

Arranged upon a high bench, so as to be very conspicuous, were thirteen men, selected for the purpose, on what principle I know not. They were all dressed alike in long white woolen gowns, and whiter capes and caps and white kid boots. They all looked more like women than men. In due time, the Pope, in a simple dress, accompanied by some of his cardinals and bishops, without parade, came in through the side aisle. A short service was read, after which a white apron was tied around his Holiness, and he proceeded to wash the feet of the men who were there, I suppose, representing the Apostles. But it was only a shallow ceremony. The feet of the men were already very clean, so they did not need washing. Nevertheless, I will tell you how it was done. A priest had gone before and taken off the shoe, or rather boot, on the right foot of each of the quasi Apostles, and slipped it down to the heel, so that it would be readily shuffled off; then came a cardinal or bishop with a pile of small napkins, next the Pope, dressed more simply than I had ever seen him, and with his white apron on, just behind and below him another bishop or priest holding a golden basin, and next a priest with a large golden pitcher. This last poured a little water upon the foot that was extended to be washed, while the one with the basin held it to catch the drops. Immediately the Pope clapped a napkin, received from his attendant, upon the slightly wet foot, wiped it quickly, impressed a kiss upon it, gave to its owner a bouquet and a golden medal or coin, and then passed to the next, and so on until all had received the ablution, and, I should have added, each had kissed the hand that had wiped the foot.

This farce I saw with my own eyes, until seven of the thirteen had been so washed. And then I joined most of those around me, who hastened from that to get places where they might see also the other farce—*the feeding of the poor*. But I missed my way, or was less nimble than others—so that I did not get within sight of the table. It was spread, as I have stated, in the hall over the vestibule of St. Peter's. It was laden with good things for the palate, both solid and liquid. And, as I was told by many who saw the farce, the same men whose feet had been washed were conducted thither, seated at the table, and *served* by the Pope and cardinals. But as I did not see it, I will not attempt a description.

I will only tell you of one more ceremony of the church, that I have seen, and which was the grandest of all. It was the ceremony of Easter Sunday.

During the whole previous week, St. Peter's and all the churches in Rome had been made to assume the aspect of mourning. The pictures had all been covered with dark curtains, and the altars stripped of their many ornaments. But in the course of Saturday night, this appearance of gloom was everywhere dispelled. The pictures were again exposed, the ornaments of the altars all restored, and flowers superadded to make them more attractive. Cannons were fired, and the bells of all the churches were rung at day-break; and the sounds of rejoicing were heard on every side. At 9 o'clock the multitude were seen hurrying to St. Peter's. When we arrived there, just before 10, it was more full than we had ever seen it.

At the appointed time, the Pope, attired in his most gorgeous robes, with his *triple crown* upon his head, seated in his chair, and borne, as I have described on another occasion, upon the shoulders of men, escorted by a large military corps, and preceded and followed by a great company of cardinals, bishops, priests and dignitaries of his own and of foreign courts, paraded into St. Peter's, and took his seat behind the High Altar. The services of the day were read by the officiating cardinal and chanted by the Pope's choir. Then his Holiness advanced to the Altar—and there officiated at *High Mass*.

When this was over, he was borne in the same state to the balcony over the front entrance to St. Peter's. Meanwhile all the steps, and piazza, or vast court-yard, in front of the church, had become full of people expecting to receive or witness the imposing spectacle—*the Benediction*.

About 12 o'clock he arose from his chair, above the balcony, and with outstretched arms, in a strong, clear voice, pronounced, in Latin, the following Benediction:

"May the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, in whose power and authority we confide, intercede for us with the Lord. *Amen*.

"Through the prayers and merits of the blessed Mary, ever Virgin; of the blessed Michael, the Arch-angel; of the blessed John, the Baptist; of the holy apostles, Peter and Paul, and all the saints, may the omnipotent God have mercy upon you; may all your sins be remitted, and Jesus Christ lead you to eternal life. *Amen*. Indulgence, absolution and remission of all your sins; space for true and faithful repentance; hearts ever contrite and amendment of life may the omnipotent and merciful God afford you. *Amen*. And may the blessing of the omnipotent God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, descend upon you, and remain with you evermore. *Amen*."

At the close of each clause of the Benediction, the *Amen* was most sonorously pronounced by the Pope's choir, stationed near him.

All the while he was pronouncing these words, all the Roman Catholics within his sight were upon their knees, or bending low. You will believe me when I say it was a most imposing spectacle. Still, I cannot regard it as anything but a *spectacle*. Nor do I believe that it produced any other effect than is produced by solemn *shows*. Indeed, after all I have seen at St. Peter's, and of the condition of Rome, I have come to feel that St. Peter's is nothing more than a *splendid theatre*, and the Pope, cardinals, bishops and priests are only the *Dramatis Personæ*—and that *religious plays* are acted by them, for the amusement of many and perhaps the edification of some of the people.

What a long letter I have written you! and yet have not told you anything about the grand ruins of ancient Rome, or the strange catacombs and other burial places, that are here. Nor have I said a word about the galleries of pictures and statuary in Rome; or of the living artists, many of them Americans, several of them *American women*, who are giving themselves diligently to the creation of beautiful works, by the pencil and the chisel. But you must be weary of me; and I have no time to add more about Rome now, nor shall I have until after my return. Yours, truly,

S. J. MAY.

RACHEL'S DREAM.

Why didst thou wake me, Deborah? for I have dreamed a dream
So bright, methinks, that it will make my day the darker seem;
E'en like the rosy, blushing cloud that smiles at early morn,
Smiles to betray the shepherd's trust, and laugh his hopes to scorn.
Wouldst hear the dream, the fleeting dream, that passed away too soon?
Thou knowest where I lead my flocks to take their rest at noon:
Beneath the chestnut's shade I sat, and felt the south-wind blow
From whence the frankincense and myrrh in dropping odors flow;
But sweet as camphire, calamus, spikenard, and saffron are,
I had a blossom pleasanter, a treasure sweeter far.
Yea, Deborah, kind sleep had brought what waking days deny—
A mother's joy, a mother's bliss, a mother's ecstasy.
I nursed a baby on my breast, its hand moved to and fro;
With that sweet, soft, caressing touch which only mothers know.
As, with light stroke of downy wing, some little fluttering bird
Scarce parts the gentle air, and yet the southern wind is stirred,
So seems to me that little hand had stirred within my soul
A depth of longing mother's love that leaps without control.
No bee from red pomegranate's cup such melting honey sips,
As I, when bending down, I kissed those coral-parted lips,
And looked within the soul-lit eyes that mirrored back my own,
And felt soft breath upon my cheek—then woke—my dove had flown.
Nay, chide not, Deborah, my nurse; I cannot help but weep;
Oh, I would give a waking year for one such night of sleep.
Nay, ask me not to lead the sheep; I care not now to guide
The tender kids, that they may feed the shepherds' tents beside.
The lowing of the gentle herds, the bleating of the flock,
Seem but a cruel voice that doth the childless Rachel mock.
I envy every ewe her lambs, and then I weep for shame.
Call me not Rachel, Deborah; call me some other name.
My husband loves me with a love so faithful, dost thou say,
That fourteen years wherein he served seemed unto him a day:
The drought consumed him in the noon, and chilling frost at night,
But still he journeyed on content with me, his goal, in sight.
'Twas even so; and I have nought to give him in return;
No token of the love that doth within my bosom burn.
He never once reproached me—nay, his very silence makes
My grief more bitter, and my soul deeper with sorrow aches.
For, if I had a little son, I know his life would be
Bound with the lad's, as it hath been bound up, kind heart, with me.
Oh, tell me not, the infant's birth might be the mother's death;
Methinks, for such a happiness I'd gladly yield my breath:
For then it would not seem to me that I had loved in vain,
A fruitless dry and withered branch upon the desert plain.
If I were gone, I know they would return to Canaan's land,
Where Jacob with his Rachel's child in Isaac's tent would stand,
And bid the blind man bless the boy, and with his fingers trace
The features of Rebekah in the little Syrian face.
The son of his old age should prove the apple of his eye.
And Jacob he would love the lad—ah, well and tenderly.
And he would guide his tender feet in pastures fresh and fair,
And lead him by refreshing streams, with all a shepherd's care.
For Jacob's God shall be with him, and bear him safe from ills,
And give him blessings that shall reach the everlasting hills.
Then, when my husband's hour arrives, ere, like a shock of corn,
He comes in season to his rest, with songs of triumph borne,
His Rachel's treasured memory shall to his vision rise,
And he shall her see stand again 'neath Padanaram's skies.
Again, in youthful beauty, he shall meet her at the well,
And he shall name the name in death he loved in life so well;
And Rachel's son shall kneel beside, and take his parting breath,
And Rachel's son shall close his eyes when Jacob sleeps in death.
O blessings of Rebekah! on the wretched Rachel rest!
O spring from me, Thou *one* in whom all nations shall be blest!
I cannot pray—I cry that great, exceeding, bitter cry,
In anguish of my spirit—"Give me children, else I die."

—*Chambers's Journal.* X.

SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON,

BEFORE THE LONDON ABORIGINES PROTECTION SOCIETY.

Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON, who was loudly cheered, said:

Before I touch upon the resolution which has been confided to me, I must be permitted to express my heartfelt sympathy with the members of the Aborigines Society, and especially with those who form its committee, in the irreparable loss which they have sustained in the removal by death of one of the brightest and noblest philanthropists of the age—the late Joseph Sturge. It was my privilege to be associated with that excellent man for nearly thirty years, and to enjoy the opportunity of studying his character, in his domestic, social, and public relations. I knew him as a friend, a husband, a father, and a public benefactor. I knew the variety and extent of his labors, the depth, the breadth, the universality of his sympathies, and, to some extent, his munificent liberality in the diffusion of that wealth of which he was the conscientious steward. In him were united the loftiest principles with the tenderest sensibilities—the most indomitable moral courage with the most retiring and diffident disposition. He was the friend and advocate of every movement calculated to mitigate the wretchedness and the suffering of mankind, to purify and elevate the morals of society, and to emancipate the bodies, the minds and the conscience of the human race. Like his immortal prototype, the illustrious Howard—

He traversed seas, ranged kingdoms, and brought home—
Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
But knowledge such as slavery could teach,
And only sympathy like his could reach.

It was sometimes my misfortune to differ from Mr. Sturge, but it was always with sorrow, and in the full belief that he acted from the strongest and most sincere convictions of duty, and that while he did so he honored those who disagreed with him if convinced that they acted upon similar principles. He has joined that hallowed constellation in which shine a Clarkson, a Wilberforce, a Buxton, a Gurney, an Elizabeth Fry, and a Joseph Reynolds. Joseph Sturge is gone, and his works have followed him. He has left to those who stay behind the rich legacy of his example, the high and holy stimulus of his virtues. Let us hope that some one has caught his descending mantle, and will pursue his footprints in his unostentatious search after the sufferings that may be relieved, the ignorance that may be enlightened, the sorrow that may be consoled, and the bondage that may be broken. His grave will be a place of pilgrimage over which the Indian and the Negro, the Hottentot and the Finlander, will shed tears of grateful remembrance, while it will be cherished by all in this country who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship or were the recipients of his bounty, or who knew and appreciated the blended excellencies which formed his spotless character.

So sleep the good, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest.
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall deck a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Not one of all the institutions which, by their objects and operations, shed an unexampled lustre on the reputation of this kingdom for benevolence and universal philanthropy is more entitled to confidence and liberal support than that whose anniversary we are met to celebrate. It was modest in its origin, and has been unostentatious in the course it has since pursued; but no kindred society was ever founded upon purer motives, or has been conducted with greater disinterestedness and fidelity, or more generous aims and purposes. For whose benefit does it exist? For the benefit of those who, without such an organization at this the seat of an empire commensurate with the globe, would be without a voice, without an advocate, and, in the season of their oppression and danger, without a hope of redress. In thinking and speaking of those who are subject to allegiance to the British Sovereign, we are too apt to limit the range of our vision by the number of those who wear our own complexion, and are the dwellers upon these small islands, or who have gone forth from thence to the shores of other countries to build up new empires, and to make our Queen the mother of nations. These, doubtless, are our fellow-subjects, and are entitled to adopt the proud motto, "Civis Romanus sum." But these constitute but a small portion of the Queen's subjects. Were her Majesty to hold, in some spacious apartment of her palace, a levee, at which should be present a representative from one of each of all the tribes over which the sceptre of her wide-spread sovereignty extends, the peaceful Negro and the fiery Coromantine would be there; the Bushman, the Caffre and the Hottentot would be there; the manly New Zealander and the worm-eating Australian would be there; the Creek, the Blackfoot and the Chippewa would be there; the subtle Brahmin, the warlike Mahratta, the proud Mussulman, and the submissive Coolie would be there; the opium-eating Assamee, the revengeful Malay, the ingenious Chinese and the fire-worshipping Parsee would be there. From the mountain fastnesses of India would come the Bheel, the Ghond, and the Shekawattie; from the rice fields and spice gardens of Ceylon would come the cunning Singalese and the swarthy Moonnaun. They would tender the expressions of their loyalty in 150 languages and dialects, and they would lay at their sovereign's feet samples of all the gems, the grains, the firs and fibres, the gums and balsams, the woods and metals to be obtained from all the oceans, rivers, fields and forests which cover the sphere on which we tread. Together they would represent more than one-fourth of the entire population of the world, and each would possess the right to claim the protection of that constitution which placed the crown of England on the brow of Victoria, and keep it there. It is to the preservation of the rights, the amelioration of the condition, and the advancement of the social and moral welfare of these countless myriads of intelligent beings, many of whom are sunk in degradation and barbarism, and many of whom are exposed to danger and threatened with extermination, that the Aborigines Protection Society devotes its enlightened and beneficent energies. Is it not, then, eminently worthy of approbation and support, whether reference be made to the number and necessities of those whom its designs embrace or to the humane and benevolent objects which it seeks to accomplish? The history of colonization and conquest, by Christian countries, during the past 500 years, is full of melancholy and affecting demonstrations of the urgent necessity which exists, even at this time, and in this country, for such a society as the one on whose behalf I am now addressing you. Where is the man whose blood does not run cold when he reads the history of Mexico and Peru, and the record of the sanguinary atrocities perpetrated by Cortes, Pizarro, and their insatiate and remorseless followers? Where is the man who can read the history of Columbus, and learn therefrom the fate of those teeming populations of the Caribbean Sea, who hailed his arrival as a divine messenger, without wishing that there had existed at that time an Aborigines Protection Society to step between those confiding islanders and the men who afterwards reduced them to the slavery of the mine and the sugar plantation, and who, after the destruction of the entire race, resorted to the shores of Western Africa to replenish the depopulated colonies of Spain, Portugal, Holland, France, and England, with men and women torn from their native villages, to toil under the lash, to satisfy the insatiable cupidity of men calling themselves Christians? Who, again, can take up the history of the North American colonies, and proceed thence through that of the United States, without feelings of the most poignant grief in the contemplation of the accumulated wrongs heaped upon the native inhabitants of that great continent? What may have been the aggregate number of the aboriginal races of that great section of the globe, washed on one side by the Atlantic, and on another by the Pacific, stretching from the Frozen Ocean northward to the Isthmus of Darien southward, we cannot tell. It must, however, have amounted to millions. Of all these, how many remain? Only some few thousands, and they still pressed upon by the advancing tide of emigration, and squatter sovereignty; so that they may well exclaim,

They waste us, aye, like April snow
In the warm sun, we melt away;
And fast they follow as we go
Towards the western sea.

(Cheers.) Many of these noble tribes have been utterly extirpated—others have been thinned until they have become the miserable remnants of once powerful and happy communities; and it is highly probable that in a few generations the whole race will be extinct, and, like the Caribs of the West Indies, and the original inhabitants of Newfoundland, they will disappear from the family of God's intelligent creatures, and leave a blank amidst the noblest of his works (cheers). With the recollection and the record of the accumulated wrong heaped by our countrymen, in all parts of the world, upon the unoffending and defenceless tribes with which they have been brought in contact, what is the duty of Christian England at the present time? Is it not to endeavor to atone for the injuries done to the dead, by humanity and justice to the living? Let us never forget that the exercise of sovereignty entails the duties and responsibilities of sovereignty. Those whom we subjugate are entitled to protection. If, in regard to some of the many tribes whom we govern, we must stand in the relation of arbitrary despots, let us at least make our despotism paternal. The inhabitants of the earth, who are not too distant to be discovered, nor too distant to be conquered, nor too distant to be disinherited—who could be visited by our mariners, our merchants, and our soldiers—the products of whose soil were not too distant to be explored, appropriated, and then brought home to enrich and beautify our country, should not be too distant to be reached by our sympathy, to be succored by our power, enlightened by our knowledge, and sanctified and ennobled by our Christianity. Let us not forget that it is not riches, but righteousness, which exalteth a nation. Let us not put our trust in the multitude of our ships, in the strength of our armies, or in the extent of our dominions. There is a God who judgeth nations as well as individuals, and who giveth to the one as well as to the other a season of probation, and who visiteth the one as well as the other with chastisement, humiliation, and destruction, when that season of probation is abused and exhausted (cheers). To avert this judgment invoked amongst many other provocations to Divine displeasure by the conduct of the sons of Britain towards the aboriginal children of distant lands is the object of the Aborigines Protection Society, and you are here to give that society your God-speed and your earnest support. This society takes cognizance of the number, locality, peculiarities, habits, customs and capacity of the various inhabitants of the countries and islands subject to the Government of Great Britain; and also of tribes having affinity and neighborhood with them, whose condition and destiny may be beneficially affected by their representation and influence. Their institution is founded upon the apostolical declaration "That God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." It seeks out man wherever his footstep can be traced, whether to the kraal of the Hottentot, the wigwam of the Red Indian, the hut of the Negro, or the pile-built tenement of the Borneon Dyak. It seeks him to save him. To save him from contamination, from plunder, from slavery, from death. It seeks him that it may bring him under the broad shield of British Justice, and within the pale of British constitutional right (cheers). The agencies which it employs are various, but all wisely adapted to the end in view. It appeals to the Imperial Government in behalf of a humane and equitable policy in respect of the treatment of the natives of our distant dependencies, and through that government it aims to improve the administration of British rule over the territories which embrace an aboriginal population. From time to time it brings under the notice of the minister charged with Colonial affairs any instances of mal-administration or the individual abuse of power by our countrymen abroad, by which the rights, the interests or the liberty of the natives are assailed or placed in jeopardy. It avails itself of auxiliaries in the persons of missionaries and teachers, of humane merchants, and all other persons resident in, visiting, or trading with, the countries in which we have aboriginal fellow-subjects. It avails itself, as in the present instance, of the occasional visits of enlightened and distinguished foreigners like my friend, the Baron de Pradine, to obtain information and coöperation, and furnishes them, as now, with the opportunity of communicating the knowledge they possess to the public of this country. In this great and good work the Aborigines Protection Society has not been without success. Through the late revered Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton (hear, hear) it obtained a select committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the number, condition and treatment of the aboriginal races belonging to the British colonies and dependencies. From that committee emanated a report, laying down, for the first time, principles at once liberal, humane and just, to guide the conduct and regulate the administration of the representatives of the Crown, in regard to the natives of the countries they were appointed to govern (cheers). The Society has not achieved that amount of success to which its wishes have aspired, and which its exertions have merited, but it has on many occasions interposed with success on behalf of its clients, and has at all times been listened to with consideration and respect by the ministers of the Crown, when it has gone up to them with its memorials and appeals. The value of societies like this should not be estimated more by the good which it accomplishes than by the evil which it prevents (hear, hear). Its vigilance and its oversight are known to public functionaries both at home and abroad, and they are influenced by the conviction that no palpable act of injustice can be committed without exposure and the risk of reprehension (cheers). The Society has valuable coadjutors in the House of Commons, and is not without them in the House of Lords. It can make its voice heard in the legislature of the country, and through the press; and by the dissemination of its own official organ it can place in the hands of influential men in every part of the kingdom the materials for forming a correct judgment on the matters which demand discussion and action (hear, hear). I feel persuaded that could the Society employ some active and effective agency through the medium of the living voice (hear, hear) to bring its claims more widely before the minds of the Christian and philanthropic public, it would greatly multiply everywhere its friends and supporters. It is by societies like this, and their zeal in every good word and work, that all that is most precious in the reputation, influence and moral power of this kingdom is maintained. Let us keep alive, and increase the generous ardor in the cause of the suffering and oppressed, which is the truest and chiefest honor of our land, and let us spread the flame even to the ends of the earth, that wherever Britain's power is felt,

"Mankind may feel her mercy too."

(Loud cheers.) The resolution I have to propose is as follows:

"That this meeting desires to express its deep sympathy with the objects and principles of the Aborigines Protection Society, and its conviction that it merits a larger amount of public coöperation and assistance than it has yet received; and this meeting especially desires to record its opinion that the Society has upheld the cause of justice and humanity, and studied the true interests of the country by its endeavors to promote a more Christian state of feeling towards the people of India; by its efforts to uproot the iniquitous opium traffic, and to prohibit the cultivation of that poisonous drug in India; by the attempts which it has made to emancipate the Indians of the Hudson's Bay territories from the thraldom of a fur-trading monopoly; and, lastly, by its labors for the removal of the injustice which has long characterized the government of Sierra Leone, and for the vindication of native rights in South Africa, both within and beyond the territories under British control."

Mr. Thompson proceeded at some length to express his views regarding the present state of India, and the causes of the late rebellion. The mutiny was but a natural result flowing from a century of misrule. The British acquisitions in India commenced in forgery, when Clive fraudulently attached the signature of Admiral Watson to an unjust treaty; and ended in a falsehood, when General Outram told the ex-King of Oude that the troops assembled on the right bank of the Jumna were not for his dethronement. The people of India might be reduced to a state of quiescence, by force of arms; but they never could be made acquiescent, or loyal to our rule, until there was a reversal of that policy which had alienated all ranks in the country. One of the earliest acts of Lord Dalhousie was to extinguish the right of adoption on the part of the native princes of India; that act was of itself sufficient to cause and even to justify rebellion. The consequences of that act had been the seizure of Sattara, Nagpore, and several other native states, and the establishment in the minds of the people of a rooted belief that the British government designed to appropriate every acre of the soil of India to their own purposes, and utterly to despoil the rightful possessors. It was vain to expect to maintain India by troops sent from this country. The people must be taught to love our laws, not left simply to fear our power. A wise, just and generous policy might preserve India to our rule; a different course would involve Great Britain in loss of treasure, life and honor, and the ultimate loss of her Oriental empire (cheers).

DEATH OF JOSEPH STURGE.

From The London Inquirer, May 21.

THE death of this well-known philanthropist occurred on Saturday morning, at his residence, at Edgbaston, Birmingham. He had risen at his usual early hour, about half-past six o'clock, and his voice was heard cheerfully calling his children to join him in riding out before breakfast, in accordance with their ordinary practice in fine weather. On returning to his chamber, he complained of a severe pain in the region of the heart, which lasted about twenty minutes, when it appeared to abate, but his strength was utterly prostrated, and at about a quarter past seven o'clock he breathed his last. The late Mr. Sturge was born of Quaker parents, at Elberton, Gloucestershire, on the 2d of August, 1793, and was in his sixty-sixth year at the time of his death. He was the sixth member of the family, bearing in direct succession the name of Joseph Sturge, which he now transmits to his son, a boy of twelve years of age. He first established himself in business at Bewdley, as a corn merchant, on arriving at his maturity, and afterwards, in 1822, settled in Birmingham. Here, and at Gloucester, in partnership with his brother, Alderman Charles Sturge, he continued to carry on business until his death. In 1834 he married Eliza, daughter of Mr. James Cropper, of Liverpool, and thus became related to the extensive philanthropic family of which that eminent man was the centre. This union was, however, of very brief duration, and Mr. Sturge afterwards, in 1846, married Hannah, daughter of Mr. B. Dickenson, of Coalbrookdale, who survives him, and by whom he leaves one son and four daughters. From early life he participated in the various philanthropic movements of the day, but specially devoted himself to the Anti-Slavery cause. The Anti-corn Law League in its early days was deeply indebted to Mr. Sturge. Immediately on his return from America, at the request of the Anti-corn Law League, he took up the subject of an extension of the suffrage, and the following year contested the borough of Nottingham. In 1840, Mr. Sturge had been solicited to stand as a candidate for Birmingham, but did not go to the poll, having been withdrawn upon an understanding that the whole liberal party would support him at the next vacancy. In 1844, upon the death of Mr. Joshua Scholefield, he was again brought forward, but the arrangement which had been previously made was not carried out, and the result was the return of the tory candidate, Mr. Spooner. The following year, when all Europe was convulsed with revolutions, he attended at Brussels the first of that remarkable series of Peace Congresses which continued to be held annually in the principal cities of Europe until 1852, and at all of which he was present, and had a principal share in the guidance of their proceedings. The year 1848 was also signalized by his interviews with the members of the Provisional Government of France, especially Lamartine and Arago, on the subjects of peace and slavery, resulting in the decree which abolished slavery throughout the French colonies. One of the best known incidents of Mr. Sturge's public life was his visit to the Emperor of Russia in February, 1854. Accompanied by two friends, Mr. Carlton and Mr. Pease, M.P., he formed a deputation from the Society of Friends to present an address of remonstrance against the war solely on religious grounds.

The remains of Mr. Sturge were borne to their last resting-place, the graveyard of the Friends' meeting-house in Birmingham, at half-past ten o'clock yesterday morning. The simplicity of Quaker fashions forbade an opportunity of a public funeral. The inhabitants of the town in which Joseph Sturge had for nearly forty years resided were anxious that his funeral should be a public one, without display, but simply expressive of affectionate regard. The Mayor (Sir John Ratcliff) waited upon the next brother of the deceased, Mr. Charles Sturge, and consulted him on the subject; but the family were opposed to ostentation of any kind. In these circumstances nothing was left but for the inhabitants to show their respect in their own way, and that took so natural and simple, yet spontaneous and genuine, a form that there was no mistaking its intention, or the motives which prompted it; in fact, it has been truly said that such a funeral was never seen in Birmingham.

The mourning procession left Mr. Sturge's late residence at a quarter past ten o'clock, the distance to the place of interment being a mile and a half; it was followed by nearly forty carriages, containing the relatives and friends of the deceased, and after it left the gates it was headed by a procession of more than three thousand gentlemen, three abreast—men of all ranks, creeds and shades of distinction in the town. This procession was headed by the Mayor and by the Rev. Dr. Miller, rector of St. Martin's, the mother church of the town. In the midst of a heavy rain, the shops being closed, the procession moved slowly to the